Chiaroscuro, 1908

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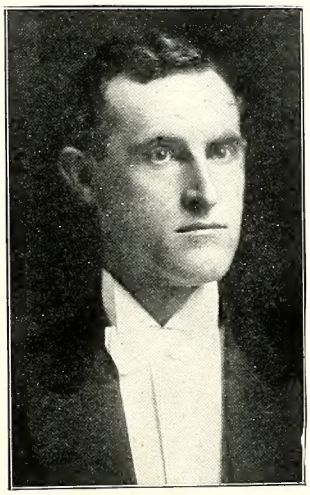
THE CHIAROSCURO

VOLUME II
1908

Published by the Senior Class of the
Alabama Girls' Industrial School

¶ To MR. JAMES ALEXANDER MOORE, loyal in friendship, unswerving in devotion to duty, and untiring in his work for the uplifting of womanhood, we gratefully dedicate this volume of "The Chiaroscuro."



JAMES ALEXANDER MOORE
CHAIRMAN OF FACULTY

Francis M. Peterson, D. D. LL. D.

Born October 29, 1854

President of Alabama Girls' Industrial School,

July 1899 – June 1907

Died March 3, 1908

Foreword

AS its name, CHIAROSCURO suggests, we intend in this book, to indicate to the public some of the lights and shadows in the daily life of the girls of the A. G. I. S. We trust that the outlines will be clear enough to call up many fond remembrances in the minds of our schoolmates and to give to our other friends an image of the life at Montevallo.

To those of the girls, faculty members and officers who have so kindly aided us in the preparation of this volume, we extend our sincere thanks.

We hope all of you, dear readers, may find pleasure in traveling with us as we pass once again thru the memory lands of *lights and shadows.*

SENIOR
'08
F. Rosson

Senior Reflections

Editorial Staff of the Chiaroscuro

FLORENCE PATTERSON	Editor-in-Chief
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DAISY DUNLAP	Club Editor
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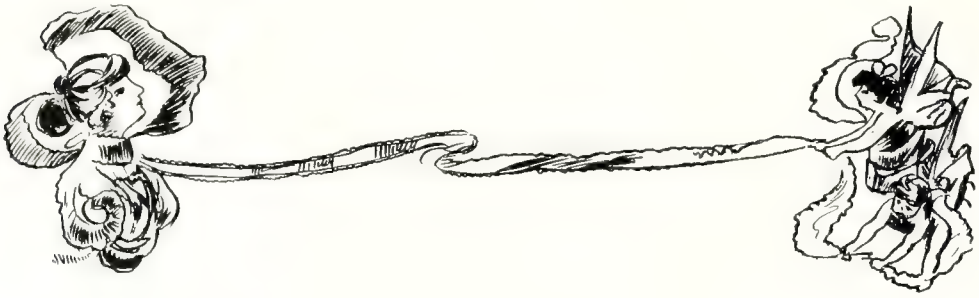

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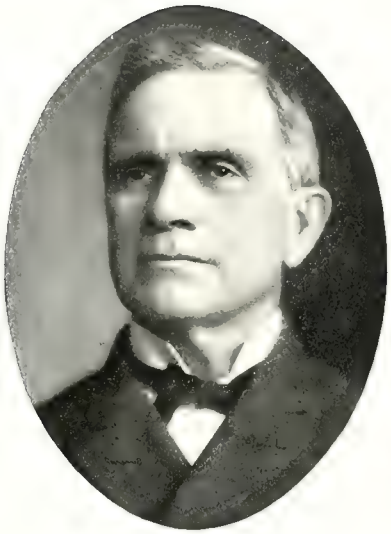


Braxton Braggs Comer

Braxton Bragg Comer, son of Fletcher and Katherine Drewry Comer, born Nov. 7, 1848, in Barbour County. Studied at the University of Alabama and University of Georgia. Graduated with honors from Emory and Henry College, Virginia, in 1872. Inaugurated Governor of State of Alabama, 1907. Governor Comer has proved himself the friend of education. He is known throughout the country as a "School Governor." On March 4, 1907, he signed House Bill 467, the A. G. I. S. Appropriation Bill.

Harry C. Gunnels

Harry C. Gunnels, son of Daniel R. and Susan Cunningham Gunnels, born at Oxford, Alabama, October, 1868. Received college education at Oxford College and Vanderbilt University, and professional education at the University of Alabama. Elected State Superintendent of Education in 1906. Ex-officio member Board of Trustees Alabama Girls' Industrial School.

William E. W. Yerby

William E. W. Yerby, born and reared at Greensboro, Alabama. Educated in public schools and at the Southern University at Greensboro. Appointed Trustee of Alabama Girls' Industrial School in 1907.

Solomon D. Bloch

Solomon D. Bloch, son of Daniel W. and Jannetta Kahn Bloch, born at Camden, Alabama, January 16, 1855. Educated at common schools. Studied law under Col. R. H. Dawson, of Camden, but did not make law his profession. While member of Alabama Senate of 1892, prepared and introduced the bill to establish the Alabama Girls' Industrial School. Has held the office of Trustee of this school since its establishment.

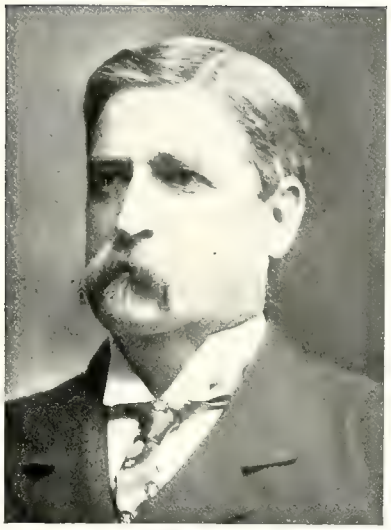
Samuel Will John

SAMUEL WILL JOHN, son of Joseph Reed and Rosa Jane Smith John, born in 1845 at Uniontown, Alabama. Attended school at the University of Alabama. Read law under his father. Trustee of Alabama Insane Hospital, of Department of Archives and History, and of the Alabama Girls' Industrial School since June, 1899.

Malcolm A. Graham

MALCOLM A. GRAHAM, son of Malcolm Daniel and Amelia Ready Graham. Born 1859, at Henderson, Texas. Educated at private schools in Montgomery and at the University of Alabama. Trustee of Alabama Girls' Industrial School.

Augustus H. Alston



AUGUSTUS H. ALSTON, born in Georgia, moved to Alabama after the war between the States. Is the first Supernumerary Judge of the State of Alabama. Appointed Trustee of the Alabama Girls' Industrial School by Governor Oates.

Hurieosco Austill

HURIEOSCO AUSTILL, born in Mobile, Alabama, February 16, 1843. Graduated at the University of Alabama in 1861. Joined the Confederate Army and served through the war. Has resided in Mobile since. Appointed Trustee of the Alabama Girls' Industrial School by Governor Oates.

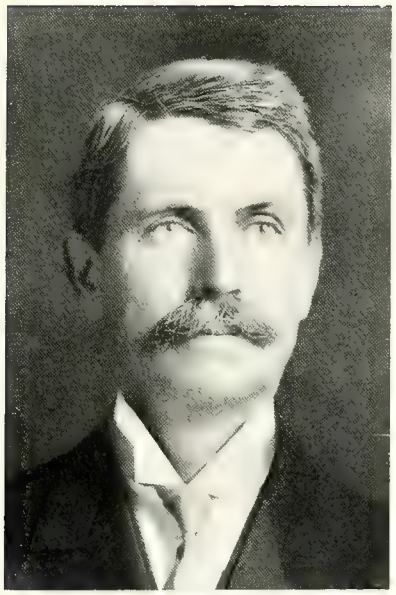
James C. Kumpe

JAMES C. KUMPE, born at La Grange, Colbert County, Alabama. Graduated from Law Department of Cumberland University, at Lebanon, Tennessee, in 1874. Practiced law at Moulton, Alabama, from 1874 to 1886. Since 1886 has served as Judge of Probate Court of Lawrence County. Appointed Trustee of Alabama Girls' Industrial School in 1907.

Hugh S. D. Mallory

HUGH S. D. MALLORY, son of James and Ann Maria Mallory. Born Feb. 6, 1848, in Talladega County, Alabama. Educated in country schools, Male High School at Talladega, and University of Alabama. Graduated from Law Department of University of Virginia. Practices law in Selma, Alabama. Has held many public offices in State and is now holding many positions of note. Trustee of Alabama Girls' Industrial School.

Officers of Instruction and Government 1907-1908



THOMAS WAVERLY PALMER

THOMAS WAVERLEY PALMER, A.M., LL.D.
President

JAMES ALEXANDER MOORE
Chairman of Faculty

ELIZABETH MAUDE HALEY, B.S.
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MARY YOUNG, A.B.
English

SARAH LOUISE CALLEN
Mathematics

ANNE KENNEDY
History

SAMUEL L. CHESTNUTT
Natural Science

SALLIE JACQUELINE HARDAWAY
Latin

FRANCES EDNA BUSH
Music (Piano)

ELEANOR CARR
Music (Stringed Instruments)

MAUDE HAYES
Oratory

ANNE C. MOORE
Music (Voice)

MARY SEMIRAMIS PINKSTON
Art

ELIZABETH MAUDE HALEY, B. S.

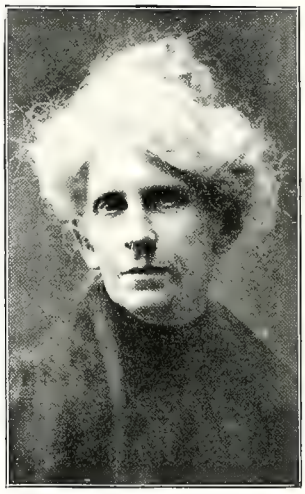
MARY YOUNG, A. B.

MISS SARA CALLEN

SAMUEL L. CHESNUTT

SALLIE JACQUELINE HARDAWAY

FRANCES EDNA BUSH



MARY S. PINKSTON

REBECCA FUNK

Rebecca Funk
Physical Education

Veta Franklin
Domestic Science

Merle Marie Stephens
Domestic Art

Elizabeth Burke
Dressmaking

Sarah Connolly
Millinery

Mary B. Overton
Stenography

Florence Yerby Hudson, A.B.
Telegraphy

Bertie Helan Allen
Unclassified Students

Lila St. Clair McMahon, A.M.
Assistant English

Ruby Swann Lawhon, M.S.
Assistant Mathematics

Minna Theresa Grote, A.B.
Assistant Science

Leo Sanders
Assistant Dressmaking

VETA FRANKLIN

MAMIE B. OVERTON

BERTIE ALLEN

LILA MCMAHON, A. M.

RUBY LAWHON, M. S.

MINNIE GROTE, A. B.

BESSIE McCARY

SIDNEY LULA KYLE

Adra Lollie Tice
Assistant Millinery

Margaret Boardman
Bessie McCary
Sidney Lula Kyle
Assistant Music (Piano)

Nell Winston Peterson
Assistant Unclassified Students

D. L. Wilkinson, M.D.
Physician

Dovie Taylor
Trained Nurse

Marie Locke
Stenographer

Quintilla Henry
Bookkeeper

Alice Searcy Wyman
Librarian

Laura McAlpine
Matron

Mary Jane Harris
Steward

Walter Maurice Jones-Williams
Electrician

MARIA LOCKE

QUINTILLA HENRY

ALICE WYMAN

MARY JANE HARRIS

Senior Class Roll Officers

President	Florence Patterson
Vice-President	Lulu Edens
Secretary	Mabel Wilson
Treasurer	Imogene Waldrop
Musician	Kathleen Jones
Critic	Mattie Estelle Garner
Prophet	Minnie Beech
Historian	Willie Jenkins

MEMBERS

Beech, Minnie
Bullock, Elizabeth
Crawford, Sara
Delchamps, Ursula
Dunlap, Daisy
Edens, Lula
Farris, Eunora
Garner, Mattie Estelle
Garrett, Beula
Haggard, Janie
Jenkins, Willie Irene
Massey, Ella
McRee, Ida
McVay, Lillian
Patterson, Florence
Patton, Eola
Posey, Lockie
Rosson, Fannie
Shivers, Kathleen
Thompson, Clara
Waldrop, Imogene
Wilson, Mabel

SUB-SENIORS.

Dawson, Georgia
Deer, Ella
Jones, Vesta

As It Was

DID you ever see a small, green peach, no larger than a common marble, clinging to the limb of a tree? And did you wonder how that tiny, hard knot would ever be worth anything to anybody? Of course, if you were versed in the knowledge of ripening fruit, you had faith to believe that that peach could develop; otherwise, you would have turned away in scorn at the idea.

The same principle was involved, when, in the early days of September, 1904, eighty or more girls, as green as any peach could possibly be, entered the Freshman class of the Alabama Girls' Industrial School. The members of the faculty, who had previously succeeded in developing similar specimens, bravely hoped for the best; every one else gazed in pity and scorn upon the poor, miserable Freshmen. The year's struggle was a noble one, but the tone of green was still so evident that only the wisest of the wise still hoped for mature Seniors from this unpromising beginning.

As many as fifty of the class members stemmed the terrible tide of mid-term and final examinations, and September of 1905 found a well organized class of forty Sophomores in their places and ready for what might come. With energy and enthusiasm they attacked the bulwarks and breastworks of Caesar's Commentaries; plunged headlong into the mighty tide of American literature, and gained the shores worn out and almost overcome, but bearing high and dry in their minds most vivid recollections of the wonderful vision of Sir Launfal and Snow-bound. With like earnestness and zeal they applied themselves to ancient history, and, although many were overcome by the January examinations, they proudly rose again and pressed forward with "unabated zeal," receiving at the end of the year the welcome plaudit of "well-done."

All these struggles were not without their reward; the wise ones before the end of the year's work were beginning to nod their heads at one another and to glance approvingly at the Sophs as they passed—the green was slowly but surely fading away. In September of 1906 a class of thirty Juniors met in the now well-known halls and pledged their faith to one another and to the whole class; the determination was strong to make the class of 1908 the best that ever left the halls of the A. G. I. S. In a surprisingly short time thirty minds were grasping eagerly all tangible facts of English literature, delving deep into the mysteries of geometry, determined to prove their ability to make

as straight lines and as accurate angles as any boy that ever went to school; and struggling determinedly to keep the law of Charles and that of Boyle separated. Soon they were pondering seriously over the great truths of Ethics in the world of human beings, and at the same time gazing through the mirror of Botany into the very face of Nature. The pale green tinge was soon superseded by the white flower of ever-growing purity, and the exercise from long tramps over the hills in search of Botany specimens, brought a faint, healthy flush over the whiteness.

September of 1907 found twenty-two girls of the class of 1908 back on the A. G. I. S. grounds. These were soon joined by three former members of the class of 1907, who, in order to spend another year in making their culture broader, had decided to divide their course and throw in their lot with the class of 1908. The joy caused by the reception of these three members was soon counterbalanced by the withdrawal of three of the original members, who decided to divide their Senior work and join the class of 1909. The best wishes of the whole class go with them in their work. One fact alone reconciles the class to their loss, and that is the realization of the blessing that another year of work at the A. G. I. S. will bring to them.

For him who imagines that the life of a Senior is an easy one the challenge is ready, "Come and see." Before the twenty-two were fairly arrived and preparing to face the worst, the flood began. On it came; wave upon wave of English composition, almost overpowering with its weight of description and narration the dauntless band. Then after the scarcely perceptible hill of mid-term examinations, exposition and argument poured down in torrents. Even as they battled with this terrible flood, the monster shark of Trigonometry opened its powerful jaws and only the most heroic efforts were able to overcome him and carry the weary strugglers into safer waters. Then came the mighty crash of Chemistry with its memory-taxing laws and courage-testing experiments and explosions, accompanied by vivid flashes of Psychology, keeping the whole intellectual atmosphere lurid with brightness, which tantalized even while it showed the way. Nor did the batteries of the warship History fail to open fire on the brave strugglers. Volley after volley poured forth from the Settlement turrets and Revolutionary port holes. Time after time did some head disappear under fire only to reappear with renewed determination in every line of the face. And twice a week, amid the storm, did the frog Plant Culture croak out its warnings in order that the prospective husbands, for whom there was no time to be on the look out, might be preserved against sour soil and careless pruning.

And now, at the end of the session 1907-08, the A. G. I. S. is presenting to the State of Alabama twenty-two Seniors. To be sure there are little, "green," undeveloped spots in some of them, and they are not all so well rounded as heart could wish, but, on the whole, a company which has triumphed gloriously.

As It Is

Minnie Irene Beech

SCOTTSBORO, ALA.

"I'll be jolly and free, I'll be sad for nobody;
If nobody cares for me, I'll care for nobody."

Class President '04-'05, '05-'06; Treasurer Y. W. C. A. '06-'07; Secretary C. L. S. '06-'07; Treasurer C. L. S. '07-'08; Treasurer Alpha Club '05-'06; Secretary Alpha Club '06-'07; Class Prophet '07-'08; Chairman Missionary Committee Y. W. C. A. '07-'08.

Minnie might well have been called Truth, for, crushed to earth, she rises again. She is just a jolly good comrade at all times. Her high temper is used to good advantage. Minnie is the happy possessor of an excellent alto voice, which she uses to good effect in the Y. W. C. A. choir. On the whole, she has proved herself a good all-round student with enough good nature and vim to make her school days easy ones.

Elizabeth Wilson Bullock

MONTGOMERY, ALA.

"An atom—the smallest possible particle of matter."

Class Poet '05-'06; Vice-President Alpha Club '05-'06; Social Chairman Y. W. C. A. '05-'06; President Y W. C. A. '06-'07; Vice-President of C. L. S. '07; Vice-President Y. W. C. A. '07-08; Finance Chairman C. L. S. '07-'08; Advertising Manager CHIAROSCURO '08.

Although "Grizzie" is an atom, she is a very important one; she enters into the composition of most of the elements of school life. She is an excellent Y. W. C. A. worker, a notable club member, and a better cook. Her work in the domestic science department has fitted her for one of Alabama's best housekeepers. Her knowledge of home sanitation is a dread and marvel to the whole Senior class.

Sara Crawford

DOTHAN, ALA.

"The rest may reason and welcome;
'Tis we musicians know."

President Tutwiler Club '07-'08; Chairman Devotional Committee Y. W. C. A. '07-'08; Treasurer Schumann Society '06-'07; Vice-President Schuman Society '07-'08; Class Vice-President '05-'06.

Sara has proved herself a musician born and bred, and all her classmates are proud of her musical ability. It is rumored that several Seniors have engaged her to play the marches for the weddings that may be. She is a good student, and level-headed enough on all subjects except the Y. W. C. A., for which she thinks every student should be ready to go through fire at a moment's notice. She is a basket-ball enthusiast and capital center.

Ursula Delchamps

MOBILE, ALA.

"And still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all she knew."

Critic Tutwiler Club '06-'07; Critic Schumann Society '05-'06, '06-'07; Secretary Schumann Society '06; President Schumann Society' 07-'08; President E. H. Willard Club '07-'08; member Senior Athletic Association; Class Poet '05-'06; Business Manager CHIAROSCURO.

A walking encyclopedia of useful knowledge on all subjects from "The Creation of the World" to "The Cut of the Latest Shirtwaist." She is especially good on pronounciation and derivation. She fills perfectly the A. G. I. S. definition of a Senior: "She knows and she *knows* she knows." She is much interested in the classics and is certainly bound for college, although she may get wrapped up in her stenography and forget to go.

Daisy Anna Dunlap

STRAVEN, ALA.

"Convince a woman against her will,
And she's of the same opinion still."

Secretary Y. W. C. A. '06-'07; Devotional Chairman Y. W. C. A. '05-'06; Music Chairman Y. W. C. A. '07-'08; Secretary and Treasurer of Class '05-'06; member of Castalian Literary Society; member of Schumann Society; Captain Senior Basketball Club.

A young lady of most innocent and harmless appearance, but "don't you go for to argify with her;" she is very fond of her own opinion and always expresses it freely. She has a charming voice and, as she is cultivating it carefully, we expect to hear some day of her unparalleled success as a vocalist. She is a faithful Y. W. C. A. worker and is much interested in all movements of that organization.

Lula Ethel Edens

JACKSON, ALA.

"When I said I should die a maid, I did not think I should live till I were married."

Critic of C. L. S. '06-'07; Chairman Missionary Y. W. C. A. '06-'07; Class Historian '06-'07; C. L. S. Secretary '07; Treasurer Y. W. C. A. '07-'08; Vice-President Class '07-'08; Humorist of CHIAROSCURO '08.

Lulu's diamond ring has excited not a little suspicion, and we think we have a right to believe that she is one of the number who have engaged Sara to play marches. Lulu is a good student, a good player, and a good friend; what more need be said of anybody? She is the latest reference for trigonometric functions and mathematical knowledge in general.

Eunora Farris

ELBA, ALA.

"For her own person,
It beggared all description."

Class Vice-President '06-'07, Secretary Castalian Literary Society '08; First Assistant Business Mgr. CHIAROSCURO.

Eunora is one of the best basket-ball players on the Senior team; she made a lasting record in the Junior-Senior game Thanksgiving, 1907. She is much interested in all Chemistry experiments, although she has not yet lost her head in any explosions. Eunora is a companion-piece for Lulu; she has a marked preference for Trigonmetry and likes nothing better than to neglect sleep, meals, other lessons—anything—in order that she may apply herself to that study.

Mattie Estelle Garner

CARROLTON, ALA.

"Though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind."

Class Critic '06-'07, '07-'08; Treasurer of Schumann Society '07-'08; Basketball Captain '06-'07; member of Castalian Literary Society, Y. W. C. A. and Senior Athletic Association.

These Domestic Science pupils always arouse our suspicions. It is said that when a woman has learned the secret of good cookery, she has almost learned the secret of the way to a man's heart; so we surmise just a little. Mattie Estelle is one of our jolliest, happiest, girls whose presence means much to any and every member of the class.

Beula Elizabeth Garrett

TALLASSEE, ALA.

"Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, and now know it."

Member of Y. W. C. A. and Tutwiler Club; Assistant Business Manager of CHIAROSCURO; member of Student Government Committee.

The youngest member of the Senior class is this most independent and self-sufficient "Baby." Beula is another basket-ball expert and is very enthusiastic over the game.

Janie Haggard

SPROTT, ALA.

"Come, give us a taste of your quality."

Member Julia S. Tutwiler Club; member Y. W. C. A.; member Senior Athletic Association '08.

One of those students who gain the favor of the faculty by beginning badly and steadily improving. Janie is a good worker and when the mumps doesn't interfere, her lessons are always well-prepared. She has been with us four years, and during that time has thoroughly won the hearts of her classmates.

Willie Irene Jenkins

RAMSEY, ALA.

"A little tall talk would not be amiss on such a subject."

Class Vice-President '05-'06; Intercollegiate Chairman Y. W. C. A. '07-'08; President Castalian Literary Society '07-'08; Class Poet '06-'07; Manager Senior Croquet '07-'08; Class Historian '07-'08.

Willie is one of the charter members of the Class of '08 and has proved herself a worthy student, an excellent club worker, and a true friend. She is the assistant teacher of book-keeping in the school. Indeed she has reached such a high degree of efficiency in this art, that from her business letters an irresistable desire to correspond with her is aroused in the young men of Auburn.

Ella May Massey

VILLAGE SPRINGS, ALA.

"She knew what's what, and that's as high
As Metaphysic wit can fly."

Secretary of Tutwiler Club '07-'08; Captain Basketball Team '06-'07; member of Y. W. C. A.; President of the Senior Athletic Association.

Ella is President of the Senior Athletic Association and is, perhaps, the most loyal devotee of basket-ball to be found in school. Strangely enough, Ella combines with her athletic enthusiasm a marked preference for romance; nothing outside of the ball field pleases her better than a well-written romance, whether in the form of a short story or a novel. She is very fond of wearing her uniform to school; we wonder why.

Ida McRee

BRUNDIDGE, ALA.

"None but herself can be her parallel."

Member of Y. W. C. A ; member of Alpha Club '05-'06, '06-07; member of Senior Athletic Association '07-'08.

Ida is a very gentle, retiring girl, not very well known to the school at large. She is, however, well understood and appreciated by her own class, with whom four years' of hard work have brought her into close contact. She is a valued member of the Y. W. C. A., for which she always works willingly.

Lillian McVay

JACKSON, ALA.

"Is she not passing fair?"

Vice-President of Y. W. C. A. '04-'05, '05-'06; Critic of Alpha Club '05-'06, '06-'07; Secretary and Treasurer of Junior Class '06-'07; Chairman Membership Committee Y. W. C. A. '04-'05, '05-'06; Assistant Class Editor CHIAROSCURO '07-'08; Vice-Chairman Student Government Committee '08; member of Senior Athletic Association '08; Chairman C. L. S. Programme Committee '07-'08; Prayer Meeting Chairman Y. W. C. A. '06-'07; Bible Study Chairman Y. W. C. A '07-'08.

Lillian is a girl of some originality; her ideas are her own, and usually expressed after her own fashion. She is one of the members of the class of '08 most generally beloved by the girls. "The *why* is plain as way to parish church."

Florence Patterson

TALLASSEE, ALA.

"Ay, every inch a queen."

Corresponding Secretary Y. W. C. A. '05-'06; Secretary Tutwiler Club '05-'06; Social Chairman Y. W. C. A. '06-'07; President Tutwiler Club '06-'07; Secre ary Alpha C'ub '05-'06; Class President '06-07, '07-'08; President of Y. W C. A '07-'08; Editor-in-Chief CHIAROSCURO.

Florence is President of the Senior class and fills the office with honor both to herself and to her class. She is a very ladylike person who prefers a quiet game of croquet to the rough-and-tumble basket-ball, which is the delight of so many members of the class.

Eola Jane Patton

KNOXVILLE, ALA.

"Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical."

Historian Tutwiler Club '07-'08; Class Poet '07-'08; Secretary and Treasurer of Senior Athletic Association '08; Associate Editor of CHIAROSCURO '08; member of Y. W. C. A ; member of St. Cecilia Club; member of Student Government Commi'tee '08.

Eola is the possessor of a wide-awake mind, light foot and ready arm. She is fitted by nature to hold her own on a ball field, and she does it. Her literary abilities are equally well developed; she has never failed during her three years at the A. G. I. S. to do the work required by the high standard of the school.

Lockie Odelia Posey

HARPERSVILLE, ALA.

"And mistress of herself, though china fall."

Critic of St. Cecilia Club '06-'07; Treasurer Emma Hart Willard Club '06-'07; member of Y. W. C. A; member of Julia S. Tutwiler Club; member of Senior Athletic Association '08.

Lockie is goalsman of the Senior basket-ball team and an excellent player. She is a sincere believer in the right kind of quotations from the right kind of authors. She is well-known as one who means what she says and does what she means.

Fannie Rosson

CULLMAN, ALA.

"I love not man the less but nature more."

Critic Schumann Society '06-'07; member of Y. W. C. A.; President Brush and Pencil Club '07-'08; Critic Castalian Literary Society '07-'08; member Senior Athletic Association '08; Art Editor CHIAROSCURO '08

Fannie is the most thoroughly independent member of the Senior class; the generally accepted opinion is as nothing to her if she happens to have gotten another idea. One sees in her the marvel of a girl who cares nothing for style; if the styles of the season do not suit her fancy, they are passed by without a thought. She has proved herself a good student in every department.

Kathleen Virginia Shivers

MONTEVALLO, ALA.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks or bend a knotted oak."

Class Historian '08; Critic St. Cecilia Music Club '07; President St. Cecilia Music Club '07-'08; Critic Tutwiler Club '07-'08; Manager Senior Tennis '08; Class Musician '08.

Kathleen is our class musician. She is the only member that Montevallo has contributed to our number, but in giving her the town gave of its very best. She has full claim to membership in the Auburn Club, and that only increases her chance of becoming belle of her native village.

Clara Thompson

WADLEY, ALA.

"The lady doth protest too much, methinks."

Member of Y. W. C. A.; Vice-President of Castalian Literary Society '07-'08; Vice-President of School Improvement Association; Assistant Advertising Manager CHIAROSCURO '08; Chairman of Student Government Committee.

Clara is our most logical member. She is very fond of argument, perhaps for the reason that she is so easily able to gain a victory over any other member of the class. We almost fear that her abilities in this line will lead to her becoming that prodigy, a woman lawyer. We can only hope that she will remain firm in her present peaceful determination to teach.

Imogene Waldrop

GOODWATER, ALA.

"A proper girl as any one shall see in a summer day."

Treasurer of Tutwiler Club '06-'07; member of Y. W. C. A.; Treasurer of Senior Class '07-'08; member of Senior Athletic Association.

"Genie" is an energetic girl with rather a strong preference for athletics. She has never been known to have the blues, and her smiles and happy greetings are never out of stock. This perpetual good-humor may be well understood when her motto is known; it is, "Just as you say, not as I care."

Mabel Wilson

STUART, ALA.

"Though last, not least, in love."

Member of Y. W. C. A ; Vice-President Tutwiler Club '07-'08; member Senior Athletic Association; Secretary of Class '08.

Mabel's dimples have fascinated her classmates, so that if she has faults they are not inclined to look for them. She is a general favorite and her cooking is marvelous.

MARY REDUS
Freshman

GEORGIA DAWSON
Sub-Senior

VESTA JONES
Sub-Senior

ANNIE CRAWFORD
Junior

As It Shall Be

ON May 1, 1908, as I started to lunch, I passed the elevator well, which happened to be open. Remembering the old saying that if a person looked into a well at twelve o'clock on May the first he would see his fortune, I determined to get a glimpse into the future.

I looked into the well, but the water looked as it always did, and I was about to turn away, disappointed with the result, when suddenly I saw a bright spot in one side of the water. As I watched it grow, it took the shape of a great stone house. People with traveling bags or suit cases were passing in and out. I soon discovered that it was just across the street from the Hotel St. George in Montevallo, and in front of it was an immense sign-board which read "HYGEIA HOTEL, KNOWN FAR AND NEAR FOR ITS PRACTICE OF HOME SANITATION." At that moment a short, slender figure, clad in white, appeared in the doorway, and I recognized Elizabeth Bullock, the proprietress of the hotel.

Then this changed and a street in the slums of a large city appeared and out of a red brick building came Sara Crawford with a roll of music under her arm, a child holding to each finger, and about a score of other children dancing around her.

This scene did not change but seemed to move on and on until I saw the heart of the hustling, bustling city. Then it grew dark and electric lights were turned on. All the people seemed to be going in the same direction; following them I came to a theatre and when the curtain arose only three persons came on the stage, two ladies and one gentleman. One of the ladies, who was rather small, took her place at the piano, while the other, who was tall and slender, walked with the gentleman to the edge of the stage. As the lady at the piano turned her head toward the audience, the light flashed on her tresses of spun gold, revealing Kathleen Shivers. Glancing at the program, held by the lady nearest me, I read that the songs were Kathleen's own compositions, which were "melodious, tender, and inspiring." But I had no more time to notice Kathleen, for Daisy Dunlap and Mr. B., her husband, had begun to sing. As I listened, I was astonished! Could it be true? Lo! Daisy had cultivated the voice Brice Miller willed her and was singing soprano and alto, while Mr B. sang tenor.

Again the view changed, and this time it was the buildings of the A. G. I. S that greeted my sight. But the place evidently intended for my benefit was the oratory department; for there standing by a desk was Ursula Delchamps instructing a class in reading, while Miss Hayes gave a private lesson in an adjoining room.

As the water moved, there arose a small cottage surrounded by flowers. But what a peculiar house! So much glass! A woman stood polishing one

of the large French windows. When she let her arm fall to her side, the dimpled face of Lula Edens was frowning at a fly-speck which was out of her reach. To be sure, Lula was now Mrs. Glass, hence the significance of the building material used in her home.

Just then she darted away from the window, for a couple was coming up the walk. The lady wore a grey traveling suit and the gentleman carried a suit-case. Lula ran down the walk exclaiming, "O, Eunora, I was afraid you had decided not to stop to see me." Just then, Eunora Farris dropped her umbrella and as the gentleman picked it up, a shower of rice fell out.

Lula's cottage grew dim and then became a large home with a long, shady lawn in front. In a moment a high trap drawn by a spirited black horse dashed around the corner and stopped at the gate; and as the gentleman helped the lady out, he said, "Mattie Estelle, dear, I have to be back in my office at one o'clock, as I have an engagement for that time with the President of the First National Bank."

"Very well," she answered, "I shall have Mary serve lunch at once."

As Mr. and Mrs. C. disappeared through the door, two daintily dressed girls came down the street, eagerly talking. One was saying to the other, "O, Beula Garrett; I envy you. Just think! you made the highest grades of anyone at the University this year, and you have your diploma. Now you are ready for a good time, while I am still in school. Your uncle told me you were going to Europe with him. I wish I could go too."

Next, the water turned a greenish blue, with waves dashing to and fro; there came into view a Ward Line steamer, its decks dotted with passengers reclining in steamer chairs. Near the stern sat Janie Haggard and she *was* haggard, too. "Yes," she panted, "this is my first day on deck since we sailed out of New York harbor. If I get to Havana alive, I am going to rest a good long time before starting home. Our physician said I needed a change of climate, so Mr. Harrison is taking me to Cuba, and if it doesn't kill me, I shall be surprised."

Now, instead of a rolling sea, I see a stretch of prairie country through which there was a long black thread—a railroad. Out of the distance, a train roars past me, but it does not pass too rapidly for me to see Willie Jenkins in the buffet talking across a table to a girl somewhat younger than herself. "Yes, Louise, if nothing happens and I take my degree at the University of California next spring, I shall help you in the summer so you will not have a hard time your first year."

Following the railroad toward the sunrise, the water showed an eastern town on whose outskirts there was a basket-ball ground where a game was at its most interesting point. It was a professional game between girls. Just then the left-hand goalsman tossed the ball into the basket and the spectators yelled, "Hurrah for Ella Massey! Massey! Massey! The best player ever!"

The South appeared again—Alabama. Lillian McVay stood in a dry-goods store talking to the chief clerk. "Please don't be late for supper, Archie. I shall see that it is ready by six o'clock. Do not keep it waiting for I have promised to sit up with that sick child again."

I held my breath, wondering what would happen to the other members of the class, but I did not hold it long; for out of the water arose an immense Western ranch. In one corner of the ranch, surrounded by cotton-wood trees, was an old rambling house, and at the door-step was a saddled Texas pony. As a tall, slender woman mounted the horse, she gathered up the reins and said,

"Come up, Lightfoot! I want to get to Uncle's house in thirty minutes." Instantly I knew the low, timid, hesitating voice to be Ida McRee's.

Again Alabama greeted my eyes, but this time the town was Tallassee. Coming down the north road was a young woman wearing a sun-bonnet to protect her face from the hot sun. She sat in a buggy drawn by a jogging mule which moved so slowly that the boxes of apples, peaches, vegetables, and the crate of chickens were not disturbed. *Florence Patterson owned a truck farm and was her own peddler.*

Melodious music floated up out of the well and caught my ear. First it was one voice; then it was followed by a chorus of voices. Then arose the room of a high school filled with large boys and girls. On the front black-board was the music of a patriotic song and nearby was a teacher, pointer in hand, indicating a certain note. "What is it? Every one of you knows." Near the back of the room a voice answered, "It is *do*, Miss Patton." "Yes," said Eola Patton, "but sing it." As the fifty voices sang *do* in as many different tones and keys, Miss Patton covered her ears with her hands to shut out the awful discord.

Suddenly the well began to rumble and a terrific gale blew up into my face. Dimly in the distance I saw a speck which gradually took on the shape of a runaway buckboard. Chickens and pigs were excitedly fleeing in all directions from the oncoming danger. As it drew near, I perceived what appeared to be Jack Spratt and his wife. In vain was Jack swinging back on the lines, his feet firmly planted against the dashboard; while his wife sat placidly bouncing as they bumped over stones. As they passed me the doleful sound of a church bell pealed forth, and Lockey Posey, for it was she, exclaimed, "Give him the rein, Jack, or we shall be late!"

The next I was to learn of was Fanny Rosson. In an old fashioned library, where the large wood fire gave forth a cheerful ray, Fanny with her nose glasses still on her right shoulder, was curled up in a grandfather's chair, reading "David Copperfield" with much gusto.

In an airy kindergarten containing about twenty small boys and girls, Clara Thompson was telling a fairy story while the children listened, their mouths wide open and their eyes as large as saucers.

In another room of the same building, Genie Waldrop was patiently trying to teach a child to count "One, two, three, four," and strike a key of the piano at the same time.

Violent fumes stirred the water and I perceived the characteristic odor of cabbage, accompanied by the faltering melody of "Home, Sweet Home," rendered by a phonograph. There immediately arose for my inspection the cool, neat dining-room and adjacent hot kitchen of a tenement house. Impatiently walking around the dining-room was a small man, fuming because his dinner was not ready. Clad in an enveloping white apron, the rounded figure of Mabel Wilson was anxiously bending over a pot of half-cooked cabbage and a pan of frying sausage. The man walked to the kitchen door and peered in; as Mabel looked up her face became—but here the water was disturbed by the ascent of the elevator and I turned away wondering what the well would have predicted as to my own future.

"As You Like It."

The Little White Pink

We aspired to plant a garden
For our Alma Mater dear,
But our tasks were great and many
And the wintry days were drear,—
They were cheerless, cold, and dismal,
Longed we for the gladsome spring,
Flowers then would grow and blossom
And the birds would sweetly sing.

We aspired to plant a garden
That would teach us aims so high,
And we longed for some bright flower
Our one end to signify
"May be rose will give our meaning!"
But its head the flower bent,
And we saw it would not serve us
In the sense our motto meant.

Stately lily seemed the flower
Best of all, the choice of all,
But a gust of wind came rushing—
Broken was its stalk so tall:
So we cried in tones of moaning,
"O, is there no flower that grows
That will live our motto better
Than the lily or the rose?"

Then a tiny voice said gently,
"It is better be than seem,
Lily tall and rose so lovely
Failed because they, thoughtless, deemed
Seeming was the goal, not being,
Much they'd rather break and sink
Down to earth than bend; try me, now,
Just a faithful wee white pink.

I'll not grow so fast as others,
I'll not ever grow so tall;
But I think you'll not dispute that
Size is by itself not all
That is needful for a flower.
I will faithful, steady, be,
Grow with aim fixed high and lofty;
Truly, you may trust in me."

So we planted pink, our chosen,
Watched it strengthen, bloom and grow,
Look so high, with aim so lofty,
Though in height 'twas really low,
High it was in grand, true being,
And so modest, sweet, and pure
That to us of '08 it teaches
Lessons that for'er endure.

JUNIOR CLASS

Flower . . . . . White Clover

Colors . . . . . Green and Gold

Motto . . . . . "To the Higher thru the Hard"

OFFICERS

President . . . . . Ellen Davis

Vice-President . . . . . Ethel Houser

Secretary . . . . . Corrie Hall

Treasurer . . . . . Mabel Louise Jones

Critic . . . . . Ione Crowe

Historian . . . . . Myra Williams

Poet . . . . . Laurine Coleman

Prophet . . . . . Clyde Purifoy

Artist . . . . . Emma Long

Musician . . . . . Sallie Sellers

MEMBERS

Agee, Prudie
Baker, Lilian
Barge, Edna
Bullock, Cate
Cameron, Mary
Carnathan, Helen
Coleman, Laurine
Collins, Nellie
Crawford, Annie
Crowe, Ione
Davis, Ellen
Day, Ina Elton
Dixon, Florence
Fisher, Marguerite
Gay, Eunice
Gray, Mabel Clare
Greene, Nora
Griffin, Olivia
Hall, Corrie
Ham, Mary Annie
Hilburn, Ruth
Houser, Ethel
Jones, Mabel Louise
Jones, Kathleen
Killingsworth, Maude Lee
Kirchler, Bessie
Livingston, Maude
Long, Emma
Macon, Bertha
Mims, Clara
Moore, Margaret
McLennan, Irene
McClurkin, Lillie
Palmer, Thomasine
Pearce, Minnie Lee
Purifoy, Mary Clyde
Sellers, Sallie
Sellers, May
Smith, Winnie
Smith, Mary
Tidmore, Kathleen
Williams, Myra

JUNIOR CLASS

Junior Dictionary

A girl we can't do without—*Baker.*

The sweet girl—*Carnathan* (Carnation).

The blackest girl—*Crowe.*

The light of the class—*Day.*

The somber girl—*Gray.*

The much envied girl—*Gay.*

The verdant girl—*Greene.*

A girl needful when teachers are seen—*Hall.*

The Sunday girl—*Ham.*

The girl who shall never want a home—*Houser.*

The common girl —*Jones.*

A girl without measure—*Long.*

The greedy girl—*Moore.*

The hard hearted girl—*Pearce.*

The girls Miss Laura uses most—*Sellers.*

Class Poem

In 1905 we called the band
Of flowers great and flowers small;
The blossoms came, all hand in hand,
The rose so sweet, the lily tall.

This court was called for us to choose
An emblem fitting for our class,
To pilot us to win or lose,
Through future years, into the last.

One flower from each clan did come
To gain for her's this lasting name,
And carry with her to her home,
Upon her brow, this wreath of fame.

The court was called, the purpose read,
Each graceful bloom her name did tell;
And then upon white clover's head
The wreath of fame so gently fell.

Dear clover, bunch of blossoms white,
So modest, and so pure and sweet
Oh, may it give us hope and might,
To grapple with the toils we meet.

"A motto we must choose to-day,"
Then cried a gentle Junior voice:
"This was not very hard to say
For all the class agreed in choice."

And may this motto prove to each
A sign of hope through all her life;
Until to heaven at last she reach,
A place so free from care and strife.

Henceforth we'll toil unceasingly,
Our efforts we will not retard;
And thus our motto ever be,
Just "To the higher through the Lord."

Cram, Cram, Cram

(With Apologies to Tennyson.)

Cram, Cram, Cram,
For thy hard exam, to be,
And would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that are not in me.

O hope for Kat and Lil
As they toil over Logic and Math!
For we all must swallow the pill
And calmly endure the teachers' wrath.

And the doleful hours pass on
That bring us nearer our doom;
And O for one look at a vanished book
And the sound of a voice through the gloom.

Flunk, Flunk, Flunk,
On thy tough exam, to be!
But the slender chance of a pass that is gone
Will never come back to me.

R.

Examination Questions for Teachers

AS a class, we believe in a fair exchange; we think that when opportunity offers, it is only right that we should exert ourselves in behalf of those who have worked faithfully for our welfare. Therefore, we have, without a murmur, burned our midnight oil in the preparation of the following examination questions for the teachers who have so kindly prepared like questions for us.

If some members of the faculty are overlooked, they must remember that as separate sets of questions have to be made for every one, two or three teachers, it is almost impossible to attend to every one. We ask the teachers concerned to answer the questions, indorse the papers *properly*, sign the pledge, and hand the papers to our president, Miss Florence Patterson:

MATHEMATICS.

MISS CALLEN.

MISS LAWHON.

Note—A copy will be sent to Miss Stallworth.

I. *Add*—Midnight oil. Neurasthenia. A hard test in Trig.

II. If a girl walks twice around the second terrace every afternoon, how many miles will she walk between February 11 and May 20, 1908?

III. *Prove*—A. G. I. S. bill of fare—grits and beef=cabbage + bread.

IV. *Given*—A girl has attended the A. G. I. S. for three consecutive years, prove that she can dress after the last breakfast bell.

V. If yule log is the sign of Christmas, what log is the sign of 60°?

VI. If the chord A. B. intercepts an arc of 15 degrees on a circle, how many degrees of talcum will the electric light cord, drawn diagonally across the room to the dresser, intercept on the circle of a Senior's face?

PHYSICS.

MISS M. T. GROTE.

I. Calculate the velocity produced in a girl by the sound of a 1:30 A. M. fire alarm.

II. (a) How strong a lever will it take to raise a girl in the estimation of the faculty, after she has once been lowered?

(b) What class of lever would best be used?

III. Using Newton's first law of motion, account for the number of girls rising promptly at the sound of the first bell.

IV. Is perpetual motion possible? Prove that it may be, and illustrate by an example seen by you every day.

V. How must the forces applied to Elizabeth Bullock and Clara Thompson compare in order to give them equal momenta in equal times?

VI. In a Senior, which is more valuable, energy or power?

ENGLISH.

MISS YOUNG.

MISS MCMAHON.

I. Write a theme on "Beetles," using description, narration, exposition, and argument.

II. Write a debate.

Resolved: That a teacher sacrifices her dignity by being prompt at meals.

III. State clearly, keeping in mind all principles of exposition and argument, the reasons why the faculty of the A. G. I. S. has arrived at the conclusion that the girls of this school are able to divide a three hour study period into six parts of one and one-half hours each.

IV. Write a short character-sketch of Mr. J. Alex. Moore and one of Dr. T. W. Palmer, contrasting the two clearly.

V. Reproduce the lecture delivered by Dr. D. L. Wilkinson, March 19, 1908, explaining fully calefaction.

VI. Write a sonnet on "Hash."

CHEMISTRY.

PROF. S. G. CHESNUTT.

I. If Lulu can lose one Moissan diamond in one week, how long will it take the other Seniors to lose twenty-one diamonds?

II. Discuss the characteristic odor of hydrogen disulphide.

III. (a) Show by analysis the special fitness of laboratory air for Billy's constitution.

(b) What is the effect of laughing-gas as tried on Billy?

IV. Give the chemical reaction of: Eggs + H_2O + grits + Nacl + biscuit.

V. If Paris Green is useful as an insecticide, for what is Nora Green useful?

PSYCHOLOGY.

MISS E. M. HALEY.

I. Classify as a percept, illusion, or hallucination, the idea the Seniors had of the Chiaroscuro to be.

II. Prove by the Lange-James theory that the expression of hunger (eating) arouses hunger.

III. What is the physiological basis of the feeling a girl has when she is informed that she has been transferred to a certain table.

IV. Show by the law of least resistance why Ella Massey always thinks of a certain March morning when short sleeves are mentioned.

VI. To what method would you resort if compelled to memorize twenty-one sonnets written by the A. G. I. S. Seniors?

Faculty Poem

The faculty doth often meet,
And in a council us discuss
The things they say are not so sweet,
But we don't dare to make a fuss.

One day they all a favor asked,
And greatly varied their requests;
Miss Callen first said she required
That she be given better tests.

And then Miss Young with downcast face,
Requested modestly for time
To teach her girls to spell, and place
All semicolons and to rhyme.

If in the Chapel girls would stay
Until the signal loud and clear,
Miss Haley's joy would full repay,
And naught but smiles would then appear.

Then next Miss Kennedy did ask
Just how to make her lil' girls grow
In pow'r and intellectual grasp,
So that more interest they'd show.

Miss Grote said that she'd be pleased
If but her Sophomores would see;
Miss Hayes agreed, but still she teased,
For downright logic wanted she.

Then Mister Chesnutt said ('twas sane)
A room alone he much approved
In which his chem'cals would remain
And not by others be removed.

Miss Hardaway made no request,
For in the Chapel she doth meet
The girls who do her laws transgress;
Their conquest thus she doth complete.

The President attention gave,
And soon agreed to grant requests,
If girls like ladies would behave,
And would in two short minutes dress.

SOPHOMORE CLASS ROLL

Allen, Louada
Armistead, Daisy
Atkinson, Lilie
Avant, Mattie
Baker, Laura Mae
Bartee, Hattie Lee
Bowden, Marguerite
Burns, Essie
Chapman, Meta
Cocciola, Bianca
Collins, Donna
Cunningham, Conde
Davis, Bessie
Deer, Frankie
Dowling, Bertie Mae
Ellenburg, Lucille
Enis, Clancy
Faulk, Leola
Gardner, Ella Mae
Gaston, Velma
Glenn, Ruby
Grady, Martha
Griswold, Lola
Henry, Addie
Hill, Ruth
Jones, Mabel
Lindsay, Donnell
Lutes, Cilla
Lyman, Laura
Lyon, Marguerite
Meroney, Mamie
Moore, Annie
Morgan, Mary Anita
McGee, Bonita
McGee, Myriam Ouida
McNeal, Hunter
McWilliams, Lila
Nash, Pansy
Oliver, Cledie
Page, Jessie
Palmer, Minnie Lee
Patterson, Edith
Payne, Lavalle
Peters, Ella
Pinkston, Mary
Poole, Rosalie
Rhodes, Effie
Robinson, Susie
Ross, Mamie
Sadler, Julia
Sanders, Claude
Sellers, Annie Laura
Smith, Alma
Smith, Lilla
Steele, Grace Louise
Taylor, Mamie
Thigpen, Judith
Thomas, Louise
Walker, Nonie Boyd
Walker, Olive
Windham, Helen Breitling
York, Maggie

Condie Cunningham

Born December 19, 1891

Died February 5, 1908

Sophomore Class

Sonnet to the Red Rosebud

S—weet, crimson rosebud, fresh with morning dew,
O—n all thou dost thy fragrance rare bestow.
P—rophetic are they close shut leaves, I trow,
(H—aving not revealed their deeper, richer hue)
O—f Nineteen Ten whose members brave and true
M—ay not their powers of mind themselves e'en know,
O—r dream they shall into such beauty grow;
R—osebuds, needing rain and sunshine, too.
E—ach day with sweet, unselfish ministry

C—an we the sad and weary world uphold.
L—ike thee, non nobis solum, would we be
A—nd one by one our petals rich unfold—
S—oft to the light of wisdom and of charity.
S—weet crimson bud, thy message hast thou told.

M. C. D.

T—arrying on way to dining hall.
W—asting time in Chapel.
E—ntering another's room during study hours.
N—ot reporting to Physical Culture.
T—rifling.
Y—esterday's unlearned lessons.

T—elling in class.
H—eaviness in recitation.
R—eturning to your room during recitation hours.
E—ntertaining during meditation.
E—xcessive hilarity.

T—ranslate your Latin before class.
H—ave your history outlined.
I—mprove your time.
N—ever run through Miss Young's hall.
"K—now your vocabulary thoroughly."

"Not Because Your Face is Fair"

ISTER, Sister, what's that old song Bobby's a-singing down stairs now? Listen!"

As I paused in my reading, I heard Bobby shouting joyfully: "Sweet Marie, come to me! Come to me, sweet Marie;" then his voice lingered exultingly on the next: "Not because your face is fair, love, to see—" then he repeated the strain, only to be silenced in the end by Father. Looking at Phil's face, and hearing Father peremptorily tell Bobby to be silent, was enough to convince me that something unusual had taken place, so I laid aside my book and said: "Come here, Phil, and tell Sister what is the matter."

"Well," he began, "it's Bobby—that's what's the matter. He's always taking—taking—tak—"

"Advantage?" I supplied.

"Yes, he's always taking advantage, 'cause he's twelve and I'm just going on 'leven. 'While ago, I got mad and said: 'You're a hateful old—you're a hateful old—I-don't-know-what!' and then he slapped me; and I was just a-going to slap him back, when Father grabbed me with one hand and old, mean Bob with the other, and said: 'Boys, what does this mean!' Bobby started to say something, but I hollered, 'Father, let me tell,' so Father said: 'Very well, Phil, my son.'

"Then I said: 'You know, Father, a few days ago I took the money you gave me for being head of the class last month, and bought a couple of tickets to a show that's going to be in town day after to-morrow. Bob wanted me to give him one of them, but I told him I was a-going to take Marie (you know—that nice little girl what lives around the corner.) Then Bobby said he wondered how I was going to ask her, and when I said I was going 'round to her house, he said might know I was just ten or I'd know better'n that. I asked him how come, and he said why anybody ought to know enough to write a note 'stead of going to ask her, but that I wasn't going on thirteen like he's doing, and what could you expect of a baby just ten years old? So I wrote Marie a nice letter (and I just made two blots on it, and it looked fine) but I wanted to end it with something *real* nice, and Bobby said to put: 'You remind me of the first three lines of a song called 'Sweet Marie,' 'specially the third line, from your sincerely friend, *Phil.*' Then I said, 'Now, Father, here's what I got from her to-day. (I know I'm not pretty. I know my hair's red. I know I have freckles. I know I'm shedding my front teeth. I know I'm not pretty, but you needn't tell me so. I used to like you. I don't any more. Here's the slate pencil and the piece of blue ribbon you gave me. Good-bye forever. Marie.' Father, what's the matter with her? It must be something Bobby told me to write.'

"Father just said 'Well, well!' and walked away; then Bobby commenced

to sing. Say, Sister, tell me what to do! Marie's mad with me and Bobby's glad."

"Well, dear," I said "the song you mentioned begins: 'Sweet Marie, come to me; Come to me, Sweet Marie,' and the *third* line is, 'Not because your face is fair, love to see.'"

"Oh!" said Phil, suddenly comprehending.

"Now, Phil, write to Marie and tell her that you made a mistake in the lines—that you meant the last three instead of the first three. You see, dearie, the song ends:

'But your heart so pure and sweet
Makes my happiness complete,
Makes me falter at your feet,
Sweet Marie.'"

Phil wrote the note and sent it, and about that time Bobby became penitent (and lonesome) and called him; so the two went off fishing.

. . . . . .

Marie and Phil are now at the show—together, for this morning Phil received from her this epistle: "I received your letter. I will go to the show with you. I'm not mad. I like you. Don't be angry. Marie."

FRESHMEN CLASS

Freshman Class Roll

Allison, Frances
Avant, Emma
Barefield, Ethel
Barfield, Ava
Barge, Nell
Berry, Winnie
Berry, Dana
Bradley, Marie
Burton, Gladys
Bush, Anna Lee
Bush, Ima Rose
Bynum, Lizzie
Carr, Josie
Carr, Pauline
Chandler, Louise
Comer, Margie
Crawford, Lincey
Crosby, Leila Kate
Cross, Lora
Cunningham, Elva
Dailey, Daisy
Davis, Lula
Dixon, Nellie
Donoho, Amelia
Donoho, Corrie
Dowling, Claude
Dowling, Kate
Dowling, Lillie
Dupree, Fletcher
Frazer, Annie Clay
Gentle, Beulah
Goodgame, Edna
Greene, Mabel
Hafner, Blanche
Hales, Eddie May
Hales, Ethel
Hales, Elmyra
Hales, Mary
Harris, Willie Dee
Harvell, Elsie
Herren, Nila
Hayes, Mary Lucile
Hicks, Sara Fay
Hoffman, Lillie
Izlar, Glennie
Jackson, Katie Leigh
Johnson, Mary
Kelly, Sudie
Kierce, Eleanor
Kyle, Ruth
Lakeman, Maebelle
Lindsay, Ruth
Lining, Grace
Long, Jessie
Meroney, Mildred
Marshall, Annie
Miller, Katheryn
Morrison, Johnnie
Morrison, Lola
McGill, Rebecca
McLean, Nancy
McWhorter, Virginia
Naftel, Beatrice
Newbern, Daisy Beatrice
Oates, Elma
Page, Etta
Parker, Eulette
Parker, Lovie Orline
Pelham, Clyde
Perkins, Mary Elizabeth
Peterson, Mary
Pinkston, Evelyn
Poole, Annie
Poole, Mittie
Powell, Floride
Poynter, Josephine
Preddy, Mary
Pruett, Annye
Quattlebaum, Sadie
Rikard, Maggie
Roberson, Russelle
Robinson, Willie Eugene
Rosson, Lucille
Sanders, Helen
Sanders, Rhoda
Sanders, Canna
Seay, Annie Miles
Stabler, Hattie
Stone, Annie
Thomas, Elma
Thompkins, Lula
Thompson, Vera
Thornton, Winnie Rebecca
Underwood, Annie
Wilkerson, Jessie May
Wilkinson, Bertha
Wilkinson, May Belle
Williams, Jean
Williams, Jennie
Williams, Pearl
Wilson, Mamie Lou
Wimberly, Ethel
Wooley, Mary
Worrell, Veni

Recipe For a Composition Cake

THE making of a composition cake requires great skill and unusual care, truly verifying the old maxim, "Practice makes perfect"—for it is only after long experience that success is reached. If you do not succeed the first time, "Try, try again," and some day your perseverance and your patience will be rewarded. Before beginning to mix the cake, all the materials you will need should be on the table. A mixing bowl, consisting of several sheets of ink paper, a good pen for beating well, and black ink for mixing, are indispensable and should be gotten out first. From your table of imagination bring all your thoughts and all your knowledge, relating to the material with which you are to work. Having carefully sifted these to secure only the best, and having selected the choicest words, you are ready to begin. Stir in well and judiciously with the pen, a plate of capitals and a can of commas. Have near at hand a pint of periods—these use as you think best. It is well to have near at hand a tablespoonful of semicolons and one teaspoonful of colons—use freely, but carefully. From a dish of quotation marks, occasionally, you may pour in a few, so as to give a good flavor to the cake. Do not use too many interrogation points as they might suggest that the cook is inquisitive. If you wish your cake to be very well flavored, add a few exclamation points. You might add a pinch of dashes. Beat very hard so all these ingredients will mix thoroughly. Be sure to have long sentences varied with short ones, so the cake will rise evenly; if they are not poured in correctly, the cake will probably fall. The above should make a cake of four paragraphs of average length, each one always beginning with a capital. Always leave a margin, so the cake may be iced. To make your icing, use good English, perfect spelling, and neat writing. The name of the cake should be placed on top. All the important words must be capitalized. Before putting into the oven be sure that everything has been properly done; if you don't, when taken out, the cake will be smeared with red and blue ink. If well beaten and all directions carefully observed, this recipe will make an excellent cake.

Unclassified Roll

Agee, Myrtie
Allen, Emma
Allen, Lena
Bailey, Lucy
Barclay, Louise
Boykin, Effie
Bowling, Carrie
Breckenridge, Lou Mae
Browne Josephine

Burns, Nell
Butler, Ina
Campbell, Maggie
Clayton, Mamie
Copeland, Minta
Coshatt, Sadie
Cox, Gertha
Cumming, Sade
Davis, Louise

Davies, Ashley
Davis, Nannie
DeBardeleben, Pearl
Eddings, Lillie
Ellenburg, Alma
Enzor, Eugenia
Ezelle, Mamie
Gibson, Pauline
Halfman, Hattie

Harper, Ludie
Herren, Maggie
Hodges, Sallie
Holden, Paralee
Hooker, Nina
Horton, Mabel
Hudson, Maude
Hurst, Mary Lee
Jones, Ruby
Kennedy, Ollie
Killingsworth, Norma

Kroell, Georgia
Leatherwood, Mattie
Lyle, Essie
Mayfield, Sadie J.
Martin, Lillie
Misskelly, Janie
McGee, Nell
McClellan, Pearl
McLeod, May

McRea, Inez
McVay, Homa
Mulkey, Velma
Nickerson, Mera
Nickerson, Tressie
Nix, Lola Blanche
Perry Leila
Ray, Esther
Redus, Mary

Rosser, Lena
Roberts, Mamie
Scruggs, Jennie
Sawyer, Grace
Sawyer, Lena
Seale, Lavada
Shaw, Agnes
Simms, Gary
Smith, Laura

Swinwood, Stella
Thornton, Louise
Treadwell, Pearl
Tracks, Clara
Vermillion, Effie
Watson, Sallie
Watson, Lula
Whisenhunt, Martha
White, Mary
Whitley, Lelia Belle
Wilkes, Mary

Mr. Turkey Gobbler's Last Thanksgiving

"DAT'S de berry fowl fo' Marse John's Thanksgiving dinnah; hit's de fattest, juciest one ob de hol lot," said Jane, sending a shower of crumbs out of the kitchen window one bright November morning, just as Mr. Turkey Gobbler stepped proudly in at farm-yard gate. He was swelled to about twice his natural size with his gorgeous red and blue head thrown back, his great tail spread in a semi-circle, and his checked wings dragging the ground.

"Gobble! Gobble! Gobble! Quick! Quick!" hollered out Mr. Turkey to his numerous long-legged companions, as they hurriedly swallowed the crumbs.

"Good morning, Broe Gobbler; how do you d—o?" called a pert little bantam rooster from the doorstep.

"What impudent, low-bred things," choked Mr. Gobbler, "to dare to address birds of such noble ancestry thus."

"Cut! Cut! out of the way," screamed one of the haughty Mrs. Gobblers, as she gave the retreating fowl a vicious peck on the head.

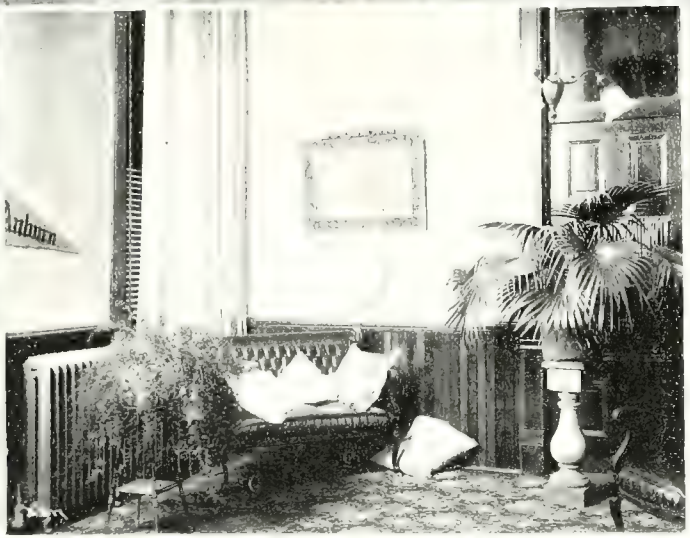
"Nebber min, Mr. Gobbler, yo' better eat while yo' eats; fo' to-morrer yo' gwine die," further observed Jane, on coming to the door. "I dun gib my instructyuns to William Henry to ketch yo' dis night an place yo' in dat ar koop out dar; so is I kin hab yo' early in de mornin'." At this Mr. Gobbler stood on one foot and scratched the side of his head with the other to make sure his hearing was all right; jumping and dodging past the cook, he stalked slowly out of the gate calling to his family to follow. They went on down the road until they came to a big persimmon tree, where all the Mrs. Gobblers made a great fuss with their mournful croaks and twits, because this was Mr. Gobbler's last day with them; as he was doomed to die the next morning.

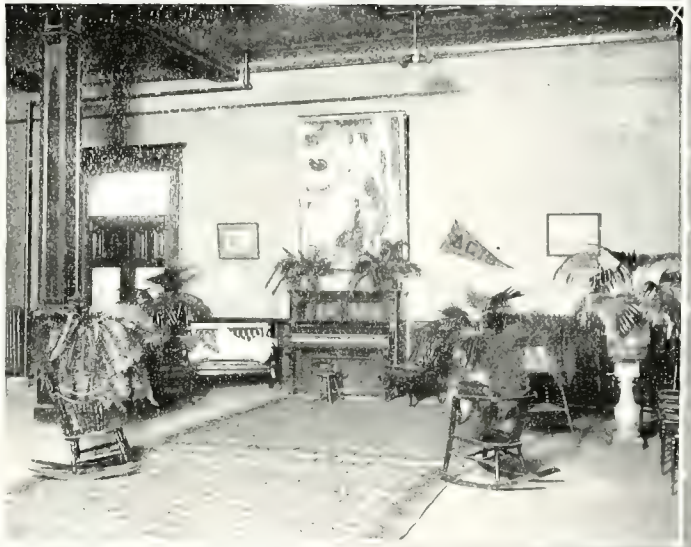
Suddenly they heard a loud chirp, "Help! Help!" coming from around a turn in the road, and then the blip, blip, blip, of horses' feet. A wagon soon came in sight on which was a coop containing a large yellow turkey looking very much distressed. The wagon turned in at the farm gate; Mr. Gobbler, forgetting his grief, followed to learn something of the new bird. He did not have to wait long, for Jane soon appeared, calling out in a shrill tone; "Fo de lan sake, what dis? Come yer, Mis Mary, Marse Gorg dun sen yo' a monstrus turky fo' yo' Thanksgivin'; we'el hab dis here un sho."

This news caused a great commotion in the Turkey family and Mr. Gobbler, joyfully throwing his head to one side, stepped off serenely to roost. After selecting the topmost rail of the roost, Mr. Gobbler shook his wings and settled comfortably down to sleep, surrounded by his family. Just as the moon went under a cloud a sharp click caused Mr. Gobbler to stir, and as he put out his foot, he touched a warm, round something and bringing his other foot over he tucked his head under his wing and was soon dozing again. Presently

he felt himself being put, head first, into a great dark bag. As he gave one loud chirp, the bag closed over him and a hard, firm hand clutched his neck so he could hardly breathe.

He was carried swiftly to a dark cabin on a hillside where a big pot of water was boiling on the hearth; he was slowly lifted out of the sack, his head was placed on a great wooden block, and a rough voice called out, "Judy, brung dat ax out her, we's gwine celebrate Thanksgiven too."


Auburn



Minutes of A Faculty Meeting

MR Moore: "The faculty will please come to order."

(Misses Hardaway and Franklin sitting on the front bench are still whispering.)

Mr. Moore: Order please, order. Let us proceed. Will the secretary please call the roll?"

Miss Hayes: "Dr. Palmer."

Mr. Moore: "I wish to state that Dr. Palmer will be engaged for the next few minutes with some young ladies."

Mr. Moore, Misses Haley, Callen and Young respond to their names.

Miss Hayes: "Miss Kennedy," (no response). A gentle tap is heard at the door. Miss Hardaway rushes to the door, all smiles, and admits Mr. Chesnutt's dog.

The other teachers with the exception of Miss McMahon answer to their names. The minutes are about to be read when the door opens and Miss Kennedy enters, moving the slide on her watch-chain.

Miss Kennedy: "Mr. Chairman, you must really excuse me; but I saw two little girls lingering on the way to Chapel and I stopped to reprove them." (She seats herself on the back bench.)

The minutes are read and adopted. Miss McMahon, after dismissing Chapel, quietly enters, followed by Dr. Palmer with his little yellow book.

Dr. Palmer: "Er—I beseech you to pardon me, but I was unavoidably detained. What are we discussing now?"

Mr. Moore: "Is there any unfinished business to come before the faculty?"

Miss Haley: "I think it would be well to discuss again the order in the Chapel and to hear plans for bettering the present condition."

Mr. Moore: "The subject is open for discussion."

Miss Callen: "If the girls were punished I think the desire to talk and otherwise misbehave would be considerably lessened."

Miss Hardaway: "Mr. Chairman, I think that every time the girls misbehave in the Chapel they should be summoned to Chapel on Monday. And another thing, the same punishment should apply to insufficiently prepared lessons."

Miss Grote: "I think so too."

Dr. Palmer: "I favor this suggestion and think that the girls who go to the dormitory during study hours should experience the same punishment."

Miss Kennedy: "I heartily agree with you, Doctor, I heartily agree with you." (The motion is made and unanimously carried.)

Miss Stephens: "I think an effective way of stopping the girls from going to town so much would be to make them wear full uniform every time."

Miss Kennedy: "Good." (Clap, clap, clap.) Unanimously carried.

Miss Callen: "Mr. Chairman, I move that we do not allow the young ladies to enter or leave the library except at the ringing of the bell."

(After some discussion, the motion is seconded and unanimously carried.)

Dr. Palmer: "We should bear in mind that we are trying the plan of student government this year. If any of the students misunderstand our motive in these little matters, we must let them know that the larger the family the more the regulations. It would not do——"

Miss Hayes: "Well, Dr. Palmer, there is much to be said on both sides. But for my part, if we are going to have student government let's do it properly. I think it is atrocious to pretend to have student government and then hamper the girls with so many rules. And when we come down to the real logic of the matter——"

Miss Kennedy: "But Miss Hayes, you must remember that these little girls are too undeveloped not to have some specific regulations to help them. They must be educated up to self government. The little girls are either thoughtless or woefully weak."

Miss Haley: "Mr. Chairman, we must give them the benefit of the doubt, and let them know that we trust them. Let us welcome any plan to aid the pupils in self-government. We must make our criticisms constructive instead of destructive."

Dr. Palmer, (taking up the little yellow book): "Mr. Chairman, the names of several girls have been handed to me for consideration in faculty meeting. First, we will take up Louise Lacy. Miss Young, do you find any improvement in her work since Christmas?"

Miss Young: "Her work in my department shows lack of application and is decidedly weaker."

Miss Hardaway: "She is lowering the standard of my Freshman Latin class."

Miss Funk: "Her work in my department is very satisfactory."

Dr. Palmer: "Miss Funk, suppose you appeal to her for better work in the literary department, and then, if better work is not given, she must be called into my office. Next let us take up Catherine Calloway."

Miss Kennedy: "She is a hopeless case."

Mr. Moore: "It is time that faculty meeting is over. Is there a motion for adjournment?"

Mr. Chestnutt: "I move that we adjourn."

Faculty adjourned.

Ladies of Leisure.

Ladies of Leisure Caught.

El Basan's Repentance

ABLEKA rode slowly across the desert plain. His head was bowed so that his long, gray beard swept the back of the faithful camel on which he rode, and the usual smiling light was gone from the dark eyes. The old sheik was grievously troubled. El Basan, his only son, a youth of eighteen, had of late been with wild and riotous companions, and now for three whole days he had not been near his father's tent—yes, it was now three days since El Basan had mounted the great black horse which his father had pleaded vainly with him not to ride, and, without a word even to Kelala, had disappeared across the great desert waste.

And good reason had Ableka to be alarmed when El Basan did anything without first consulting his sister Kelala, the beautiful; for the long, raven curls and dancing black eyes of Kelala, combined with her sweet, gracious manner and ready sympathy, made her a veritable goddess in the eyes of her brother. El Basan never did anything of even the smallest importance without conferring with Kelala and making sure of her favor.

Now El Basan was gone, and Kelala knew not where he was. He had taken matters into his own hands and had ridden away without a word of warning to anybody.

Ableka dismounted from his camel and fell upon his face on the ground. "Allah, the Great! Allah, the Merciful!" prayed he, "bring my boy back to me;" and then, after a pause, he continued: "O Allah Almighty, thy servant knoweth that thou wouldst have an agent in the son's salvation. Take Kelala and use her to bring her brother back from these riotous ways into which he has fallen." When the old man arose he looked across the plain as he had done so often during the past three days. He scarcely expected to see anything, but as he gazed a tiny speck appeared on the horizon and grew and grew until it resolved itself into a horse and rider. In another moment the old man drew a deep breath; "Allah be praised!" he sighed, as he recognized the slender figure of his son mounted upon the powerful black steed. The horse was coming like the wind and the young man was not trying to control the animal, for well he knew the intelligent beast would stop of its own accord at the home tent. In truth, the young man was almost asleep in the saddle, when a loud scream from his aged father roused him, and he saw directly in his path the figure of his adored sister bowed in an attitude of prayer. Frantically he reached for the reins, but too late; the powerful animal, never lessening his speed, passed over the tiny form.

When El Basan checked his horse and returned, Ableka was bending over the still figure and groaning: "O merciful Allah! Thou hast answered the thoughtless prayer. Thou hast taken my Kelala, the pride of my life, the light of my eyes, and Thou dost offer me again my wild and reckless son—" Here El

Basan knelt beside his father. "Allah," he said, "has shown me the error of my ways. But for this, I would this night have stolen from the tent, O father, with all your earthly wealth; and my life would probably have been lost forever among those wild and reckless men with whom I have been thrown. But now," turning his white face toward the prostrate form, "I can never wrong her father and mine." Then he lifted the still figure in his arms and strode across the sands to the tent. There he bathed her face with the cool water of the oasis, and washed the blood from the cruel gashes in her shoulder and side; but she neither moved nor spoke. Her hands were cold and her lips white. Then, at last, the boy gave way; he sank beside the rude cot on which he had placed her and chafed her tiny hands with his strong brown ones, while his whole frame shook with an agony of sobs. "O, my poor dead sister," he wailed, "as Allah lives I will never again betray my manhood."

How long he remained by her cot El Basan did not know, but he did know that at length her hand moved in his; and when he sprang to his feet she was smiling up at him. "O, my brother," she murmured, "I am so glad you have come."

From Cherry Blossom Land.

To Our Alma Mater

'Twas on a glad September morn
That to these walls at first there ran
The young and dauntless twenty-two
About to fight life's battle brave;
And now the strife here's all but gone,
Our life's campaign we soon must plan;
But ere we bid to thee adieu
We would thy richest blessings crave.

Though steep and rugged are life's ways,
Which lead to the dark and distant goal,
Like soldiers, onward we have groped,
And tried to bear thus far the load.
But if too dark have been our days,
To thee we say with heart and soul,
We've tried, we've labored, and we've hoped
At last on high our flag t' unfold.

So now the class of nineteen-eight
Presents fond hopes and love to all;
With mem'ries fond and loving cheer
We soon shall leave thy classic halls.
However bright has been our fate,
Yet true the brightest days of all
Were passed, our Alma Mater dear,
Within thy joyous, honored walls.

Comparison of Dickens and Thackeray

THE early part of the nineteenth century gave to the world a host of novelists; among these, William Makepeace Thackeray and Charles Dickens easily stand first. A comparison of these men is most interesting; the contrast in their lives, work, and motives of work, is striking. Though Thackeray was a year older than Dickens and grew up in a much more favorable atmosphere, he was later to be recognized as a great writer. He was educated at the famous Charter House School and at Cambridge; and afterwards spent some time studying on the continent. All this while Dickens, as a little ragamuffin in the streets of the great city, was pasting labels on blacking bottles to help gain a living for his family. His formal education was only a short, blissful period in the common schools; his real education was largely the result of keen observation of life in the slum districts. This he put to practical use in journalism. As Dickens' early success and fame were owing, no doubt, much to his indomitable courage and never-failing energy, so Thackeray's late recognition was due, in a measure, to his shrinking nature and his strong aversion for work in any form.

In the choice of subjects, Thackeray and Dickens differed widely; Thackeray chose his characters from the aristocracy of England; Dickens from the common people—the slums. The former's characters develop as they grow familiar, while the latter's present pictures complete. Thackeray portrays mature persons better than children; men better than women. Dickens excels in the art of painting child life, with its trials and joys and sorrows.

The method of treatment varies as greatly with the two authors as the selection of subjects. Thackeray was a "student of life rather than of the individual soul." He was an honest hater of all sham and hollow forms of society, and exposed these at every opportunity with apparent relish. For this he has been called a cynic and pessimist; but one who reads deeply enough is rewarded with a glimpse of the intense humanity beneath. All of his writings are an earnest protest against deception. Dickens, in his works, advocates the reform of existing abuses and institutions. He always suits his character to the purpose he is to serve, and that purpose outweighs the importance of the subject. Thus it is seen that Thackeray subordinates plot to subject, while Dickens gives plot the place of importance.

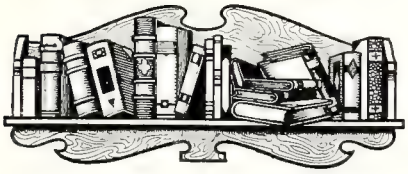
The writings of each are permeated with deep emotions, the most characteristic of which are pathos and humor. The pathos found in Thackeray is simple and potent; in Dickens there is often a visible effort after effect. The death of Colonel Newcome, as an example of touching pathos, is unsurpassed in literature. Dickens' pathos is sometimes called a "pumping for tears," but we who have wept over the death of little Nell will hardly agree with this criticism.

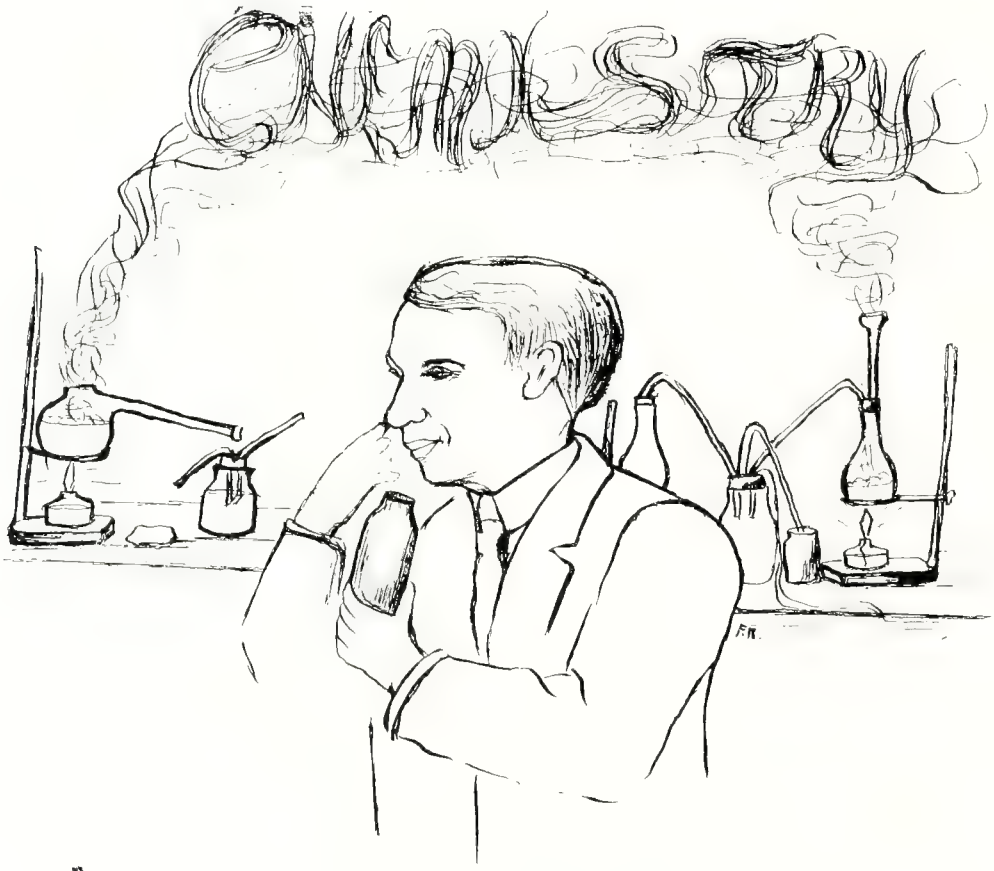
The humor of the two authors is very distinct; Dickens laughs with his

characters, and Thackeray laughs at them. With the one it is hearty and boisterous, but with the other, subtle, keen and stinging.

The impressions which these novelists have made on their art is as widely different as their other characteristics. Thackeray vests the chief interest of his novels in the characters, with only the thread of a plot to unite the whole. His men and women stand before the reader with such distinctness and charm that the need of the plot is not felt. Dickens crystalizes the interest of his novels in the plot. Of this he is a master, constructing broad, intricate and varied plots, but handling the most difficult with the utmost ease. He is preeminently a story-teller. Thackeray's style is clear, easy and finished; his contemporary often shows a lack of these qualities.

As a novelist Thackeray's main subjects are well-defined, individual, lifelike. He brings prominently before the reader only a few characters, whereas Dickens' pages are crowded. The descriptions in Thackeray are graphic. His novels, as a whole, attract the mature mind, while those of Dickens' are the delight of the child as well. Dickens and Thackeray must each be judged in the light of his own peculiar genius, "for there is none perfect—no, not one."





"Get the characteristic odor young ladies"

The Charm of Virgil

THERE are some songs, some poems, some pictures, some places, words, and sounds even, which possess an almost indescribable fascination for us; these do not come upon us suddenly, but make their way into our lives silently and gently, but once there, remain. Such is Virgil's power. We may analyze his works and account in a measure for their effect upon us, but there is still something about them as intangible as the emotions aroused by some time-honored ballad. In a careful study of our author, it may be well to enumerate his general characteristics, and then take each of them separately. Virgil is noted for his dignity; for his discrimination in the selection of his language—now simple, now elaborate; for his sublimity; for his accurate observation and his skillful management of details. We may also note his use of imagery, his fine descriptions, and his numerous figures of speech.

Wonderful is the dignity in the opening lines of the Aeneid, and the invocation of the muse is stately and grand. Virgil can be very effective with his simplicity, though, on the other hand, we may note many examples of his elaborate expression. Another pleasing quality which appears in this book is the dramatic element.

Where in all literature can a more sublime passage be found than in Virgil's description of the storm? The way in which Virgil refers this action of Nature to the gods and goddesses is marvelous. Alliteration and onomatopoeia are employed with striking effect, often in the same line; as, *"Magno cum murmure montis."* After the forces of wrath are in full sway, how grandly impressive is Neptune, as he gazes calmly over the heaving sea and raises his placid head to the top of the waves.

We may understand the aid of careful observation by noticing Virgil's skillful management of details. He is able to create for us any atmosphere and he does this by the use of picture-making words and by the artistic arrangement of his situations.

Virgil's works abound in figures, the most prominent of which are metonomy and simile; other figures are transferred epithet, allusion, litotes, parallelism and apostrophe.

If we wish to see depicted a remarkable knowledge of human nature, we must go to Virgil. There we watch Juno bribe Aeolus with the promise of a beautiful wife;Eeneas comforts his companions and begins his own assuring words, heart-sick though he is; Venus approaches Jupiter with "her shining eyes suffused with tears," and Jupiter, being a man, could, of course, do nothing but grant her request; how naturally does Aeneas reproach his mother when she deceives him; how skillfully does Venus appeal to Cupid when she wishes his aid—her womanly intuition teaching her how to approach her son with her re-

quest and how "to seize Dido betimes by strategy." We note these instances of Virgil's power and feel *our* defects and *our* weaknesses revealed.

Many famous quotations come from Virgil's works. The opening lines of the Aeneid are well-known, the invocation of the muse, and Juno's despairing words: *"Quippe vetor Fatis."* Also *"Dux femina facti;" "Forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit;"* and *"Non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco."*

Virgil is a charming narrator, his verse is rhythmic, and his diction accurate, ornate and varied. When school-days are past, and subjunctives of purpose and result fade away in the background, and objective gentitives are no longer of supreme importance, the memory of Virgil's charming style will impel us to take up a worn but cherished volume of "Knapp," and lovingly, almost longingly, turn the pages of our beloved "Eeneid."

Grinds

C——: "Oh! isn't that red bird pretty and white."

English Teacher: "The first three paragraphs of Addison's Essay include the introduction. What do these paragraphs contain, Mary?"
Mary: "Why, the introduction."

C——: "Miss Grote, I will draw this plant in my tablet and *transport* it to my note book after class."

M——: "Who is Miss Hettie Green?"
H——: "I know. She made the first United States flag."

Sophomore: "I must get a root-stock for botany class today."
M——: "You can get a root-stock from the Bible."
Senior: "You mean from the violet."

C——: "Miss Y——, my theme isn't right, because it begins with an introduction."

E——: "Little girls, you should not *conjugate* together on the halls."

English Teacher: "B——, what is the third requirement of emphasis in the theme?"
B——: "*Imply* a climax."

W——: "Mabel, isn't the twenty-second of February Valentine's Day?"
M——: "No, it is Washington's birthday."

L——: "What Bible reference did Miss Debardeleben give us yesterday?"
I——: "Ruth 1:16."
M—— (who has been busily engaged with Cicero, inquired, with much interest): "Ruth won sixteen? Sixteen what?"

Miss H—— to Psychology class: "Give some example of the instinct of fear."
Lillian: "When I was a little girl I was afraid of those men who went about the country carrying pipe-organs and monkeys under their arms."

Teacher to pupil in Algebra class: "How far have we gone in algebra this year?"

Pupil: "To infected quadupeds."

The Psychology class had been told to read the twenty-third chapter of James. That night Mattie came down the steps looking very much perplexed. When a classmate asked what was troubling her, she answered: "Well, I have looked from the beginning to the end of my Bible and I simply can't find the twenty-third chapter of James."

Ask Cate to tell you some of the dangers of successive novel reading.

A FRESHMAN'S TOAST TO THE SENIOR.

Here's to the girls of nineteen-eight,
Who from these halls shall graduate;
May fate be kind were e're they go,
Find some to listen to *all* they know.

Miss Thompson to a member of her spelling class: "What does monk mean?"

Pupil: "A man that keeps monkeys."

When does Miss Wyman attend chapel exercises? When the Governor comes.

Lillian: "There's one thing in today's Civil Government lesson that I would like to ask about."

Teacher: "What is it, Miss Lillian?"

Lillian: "Why does it say that the President is *driven* to the White House after his inauguration? It seems to me he would be glad to go."

Miss K. and Marguerite were out viewing the banana trees before the frost.

Miss K——: "I don't believe the bananas will mature before the frost catches them, do you?"

M——: "No'm, I don't either; but do you reckon they will get ripe?"

Elinor to teacher: "Miss O——, does w-h-a-t spell *whut?*"

Teacher to bright little Sophomore: "Make me a declarative sentence."

Girl: "The horse draws the cart."

Teacher: "Now, make it imperative."

Girl—"Get up."

The C—— section of the Sophomore English class had just been carefully going over the life of Shakespeare.

Miss McM—— to class: "Here is a picture of the cottage of Anne Hathaway."

Helen: "Miss McM——, I can't place her. Is she connected with the life of any great man we have studied?"

Miss McM—— then asked if there was any question the class did not understand connected with Shakespeare's life.

Helen: "Yes'm; when it says he was born in Stratford-on-the-Avon—what does 'on-the-Avon' mean?"

In the School Garden.

"A. G. I. S." Dinner

DECORATIONS: Purple and Gold

Menu

Bordeaux Sauce
Oyster Cocktail
Roast Beef
Brown Gravy Roast Potatoes
Rice au Gratin, Shamrocks
Cabbage and Nut Salad
Mayonnaise Dressing, Bread Sticks
Fruit Pudding
Iced Grape Juice Fruit Cake
Black Coffee

Description

This dinner was given on Saturday evening, February 29th, at 6 o'clock. The decorations were purple and gold—the school colors. A canopy of bunting in these colors was suspended from the chandelier to the corners of the room. The center decoration was a cut-glass candelabrum which stood on a Battenberg centerpiece over gold. On either side of the candelabrum, lengthwise the table, were bowls of violets and jonquils.

The place-cards consisted of small white cards, on which were painted a bunch of violets and "A. G. I. S." in purple and gold. The hors-d-oeurve course which was on the table when the guests arrived completed the table decoration.

Housekeeping Club.

Cooking Class.

Motto

"I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly."

Officers

Florence Patterson ..... President
Elizabeth Bullock ..... Vice-President
Lula Edens ..... Treasurer
Jean Williams ..... Secretary

Chairmen of Committees

Devotional ..... Sara Crawford
Membership ..... Elizabeth Bullock
Music ..... Daisy Dunlap
Social ..... Cate Bullock
Intercollegiate ..... Willie Jenkins
Missionary ..... Minnie Beech
Prayer Meeting ..... Jennie Scruggs
Bible Study ..... Lillian McVay
Finance ..... Ina Day
Mary De Bardeleben ..... General Secretary

Y·W·C·A·Cabinet

Program for New Year's Service

Leader ..... Miss De Bardeleben
Song—"Faith is the Victory" .....
Prayer .....
Scripture ..... Ruth Hill

"Forgetting the things which are behind and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on toward the goal, unto the prize of the high calling of God in Jesus Christ."

A Retrospective View (Historical) ..... Corrie Hall
Song—"O, Worship the King, All-Glorious Above" .....
Report of Work from Various Committees .....
Membership ..... Bianca Cocciola
Social ..... Edith Patterson
Finance ..... Nonie Walker
Devotional ..... Ursula Delchamps
Missionary ..... Ellen Davis
Music ..... Eunice Gay
Bible Study ..... Clara Thompson
Intercollegiate ..... Addie Henry
A Glimpse into the Future ..... Mattie E. Garner
Song—"Guide Me, Oh Thou Great Jehovah" .....
Devotional Thought—"He steadfastly Set His Face to go to Jerusalem"—Leader
Reading—"Opportunity" ..... Miss Delchamps
Reading—"A Prayer for the New Year" ..... Miss Hardaway
Duet—"The Lord is my Shepherd" ..... Misses Dunlap and Beech
Reading—"Ring Out the Old" ..... Miss Myra Williams
Prayer in Concert—"*May the words of our mouths and the meditations of our hearts be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, our strength and our Redeemer.*"

The Upward Look

[In February the General Secretary gave a series of devotional talks one of which, "THE UPWARD LOOK," follows in full.]

THERE is an old picture that most of us have seen in childhood, that of a girl with upward look, clinging with both arms to a cross. Over her the clouds hang dark, while about her feet the waves are dashing, surging and wind-beaten. But it is to a later development of that picture that I wish to attract your attention this afternoon. The cross, the clouds, the waves are the same, but the features of the girl, though there still shines in her face the light of faith, have a more determined cast; and with only her left arm she clings to the cross, while with her right she reaches down into the boiling flood and clasps the hand of one struggling beneath the waves, lifting her to the high, firm rock upon which she herself is kneeling.

This last picture is to my mind, girls, truly symbolical of the Christian life,—the upward look for divine aid, the downward grasp for the uplift of those struggling beneath the billows of sin, temptation, distress, and unbelief.

"But," you ask, "what has the 'upward look' you speak of, to do with the upward lift?" Girls, there is nothing accomplished without vision. Vision (1) of ourselves. Some one has said that each individual is seen from four different standpoints, first that of the world at large, then of her intimate friends, third, from the standpoint of her own soul, and lastly, as the Creator sees her.

The world is an unsafe critic. Often times it flatters and we are inclined to be less vigilant regarding our faults. Again it sees only our faults and coldly thrusts them into our faces. We need be careful then lest we become easily discouraged and give up plans whose execution we had undertaken with zeal and enthusiasm.

Our friends know us better. They can make allowances for our weaknesses; but even they do not know us as we know ourselves. They do not understand the longings of our hearts, the aspirations of our better moments, the strength of the temptations that assail us as we ourselves know them.

But do we know ourselves? Do we see ourselves in the right light? No, only the Divine eye sees us as we are; only He can discern the hidden germ of selfishness, of malice, envy, spite, that under suitable conditions will spring into being. This is the reason why often in temptation we find we are weakest where we thought we were strongest, even as Nicodemus, the spiritual leader of Israel, found he knew nothing of the elements of the Christian life. On the other hand, only He descried the hidden rock of character in the unstable Simon. Hence it is by means of the upward look we catch a vision of ourselves, seeing our inmost souls, their weaknesses, their latent possibilities as He sees them—as they are.

Vision (2) of the World. By looking upward, out and on beyond we see the need, the sorrow, the suffering, the ignorance, the hopelessness.

Vision (3) of Him. If we see ourselves aright, if we see the world aright, there is despondency, there is, I might say, despair; but there is this other vision that we catch of Him—Jesus Christ in His love for us and the needy world, in His wisdom as to the ways for devising plans to meet that need, in His power for carrying out these plans.

We have seen the *why* of the upward look, let us more specifically question *when?*

1. At Conversion; for His incoming. Girls, conversion is simply turning —turning from sin, from ourselves, from even friends, and looking upward to Him alone for the incoming, inflooding of His Spirit.

2. In Perplexity: Did you ever get to the forks of a road and did not know which way to go? You knew that at only one end or the other was the destination you wished to reach; but you stood in perplexity, for you did not know which. You will come to the forks of the road in life, Girls, many times, but there will be occasions when momentous issues will hang upon your decision. Dare you take one step without the upward look?

3. In Disappointment: All of you know what disappointment means; but do you know what it is to clasp it to your hearts as "His appointment?" Because it is only through disappointing us in our self-laid plans that He can work His great life plan for us. It is one's first impulse to complain, to find fault, to become discouraged, to give up when disappointments come, especially if they be many; but by the upward look to Him for strength to bear them, they are by divine alchemy transmitted into elements for the upbuilding of noble Christian lives.

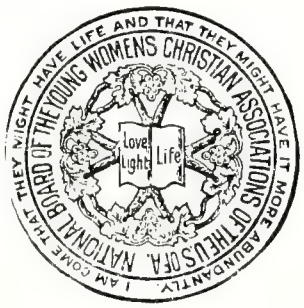
4. In Sorrow: Not many of you, perhaps, know, as yet, the meaning of real sorrow, and it is well, but the time will come, girls, when human voice, though tender, can bring you little comfort, when human hands, though willing, can not lift the burden from your heart. Then it is, that with eyes raised to His face you will see that though "The mist is on the river, yet the sun is on the hills."

5. In Our Work: We are His creation, so is our work His work, tasks that He sets us to do for a two-fold purpose, namely, the development of our own character and as His co-workers to make the world better. Shall we choose our own tasks, or shall we not the rather look to Him for the assignment of the lesson, the portioning out of our part?

Do you remember the words of that wonderful philosopher, Paul?—a man educated, refined, cultured, equipped it seemed if ever man was equipped to meet Life's struggle—"I can do all things"—all things? Yes, but how? Listen —"Through *Christ* that strengtheneth me." It is the upward look that makes us willing to dare the impossible; for "with God all things are possible."

6. Lastly, we need the upward look for His abiding. Girls, some of us are like an intermittent spring. A traveler worn and thirsty turns eagerly to the rock under the hill from which he once found gushing a stream of water. But what is his dismay to find instead only a dry gravel bed, where was wont to babble the cool, limpid brook that came from the rock above.

Oh, dear young women, let us cease to be the intermittent spring flowing only in times of refreshing showers, but let us by the constant, daily, upward look keep the connection between us and the great source of supply so free from the rubbish of worldliness and the mud of selfishness, that the cool, limpid stream of His love can flow through our lives a living stream, bringing blessing and comfort to those athirst.



CASTALIAN
LITERARY
SOCIETY.

The Castalian Literary Society

Officers – First Term		Officers—Second Term
WILLIE JENKINS	PRESIDENT	WILLIE JENKINS
ELIZABETH BULLOCK	VICE-PRESIDENT	CLARA THOMPSON
LULA EDENS	SECRETARY	EUNORA FARRIS
MINNIE BEECH	TREASURER	MINNIE BEECH
FANNY ROSSON	CRITIC	FANNY ROSSON
VESTA JONES	HISTORIAN	VESTA JONES

Active Members

BULLOCK, ELIZABETH
BEECH, MINNIE
BAKER, LILLIAN
CROWE, IONE
CARNATHAN, HELEN
DUNLAP, DAISY
EDENS, LULA
FARRIS, EUNORA
GRAY, MABEL
GAY, EUNICE
GARNER, MATTIE ESTELLE
HOUSER, ETHEL
HILBURN, RUTH
JONES, VESTA
JONES, KATHLEEN
JENKINS, WILLIE
LONG, EMMA
McVAY, LILLIAN
MOORE, MARGARET
ROSSON, FANNY
SMITH, WINNIE
THOMPSON, CLARA
VASSAR, LUCILE

Honorary Members

MISS ANNE KENNEDY
MISS LILA ST. CLAIR McMAHON
MISS MARIA LOCKE
MISS ALICE WYMAN

Motto . . . . . "AD ASTRA PER ASPERA"
Flower . . . . . DAISY
Colors . . . . . YELLOW AND WHITE

C. L. S. Conumdrums.

1. Who is the Farris in the society? Eu—nora.

2. For what did Emma Long? To see more Marguerites.

3. When was Mabel Gray? When she heard Ione Crowe.

4. What flowers will Mc—a—Vay stunning bouquet? The Marguerite, Lilli—an Daisy.

5. What part was Ross—on when he saw the Hil—burn? The place where there grew Minnie Beeches.

6. What was that she Hel—en her arms? Thomp—son.

7. Why were Eu—nice and Gay? To Winn—a Smith.

8. When did Vesta Love? When she went to Vassar.

9. Why was Kath—leen? For lack of Bullock.

10. What did Mattie Es—telle? Of wheat in the Garner.

11. Where will you Hous—er? In Eden.

12. Come, let's play "Up *Jenks.*" *Will,* you?

Julia Studwick Tutwiler
Club

The Julia Strudwick Tutwiler Club

Colors . . . . . Red and White
Flower . . . . . Carnation
Motto . . . . . Ad Astra per Aspera

Officers

President . . . . . Sara Crawford
Vice-President . . . . . Mabel Wilson
Secretary . . . . . Ella Massey
Treasurer . . . . . Georgia Dawson
Critic . . . . . Kathleen Shivers
Historian . . . . . Eola Patton

Honorary Members

Miss Elizabeth Maude Haley Miss Sara Louise Callen
Miss Sallie Jaqueline Hardaway Miss Mary Young Miss Maude Emma Hayes
Miss Minna Theresa Grote Miss Pearlee Wilson

Active Members

Mary Cameron Sarah Crawford
Ellen Davis Georgia Dawson
Ina Day Laurine Coleman
Marguerite Fisher Beula Garrett,
Janie Haggard Corrie Hall
Mabel Louise Jones Ella Massey Eola Patton
Florence Patterson Lockie Posey
Clyde Purifoy Kathleen Shivers
Imogene Waldrop Mabel Wilson
Ursula Delchamps Myra Williams

Two Evenings

Saturday, October 19, 1907

Roll Call—Quotations from British Poets .....

Minutes .....

Business .....

"The Romance of a Rose" .....Clyde Purifoy

"Tea Blossom's Love Story" .....Ursula Delchamps

Personal Reminiscences of a Day in London, illustrated by photographic Views .....Miss Young

A social half hour over the food of the gods served in orange baskets.

Emma Hart Willard Club

Officers

President	URSULA DELCHAMPS
Vice-President	CLYDE PURIFOY
Secretary	MYRA WILLIAMS
Treasurer	MARY CAMERON
Critic	ELLEN DAVIS
Historian	JEAN WILLIAMS
Poet	HELEN WINDHAM
Prophet	IONE CROWE

Members

Mary Cameron
Ione Crowe
Ellen Davis
Pearl DeBardeleben
Ursula Delchamps
Florence Dixon
Clancey Enis
Clyde Purifoy
Gary Simms
Jean Williams
Myra Williams
Helen Windham

Emma Hart Willard Club.

The Schumann Society

Officers

President	Ursula Delchamps
Vice-President	Sara Crawford
Secretary	Vesta Jones
Treasurer	Laurine Coleman
Critic	Georgia Dawson
Historian	Daisy Dunlap

Honorary Members

Miss Frances Edna Bush

Miss Bessie McCary

Mrs. W. P. McConnaughby

Active Members

Coleman, Laurine
Crawford, Sara
Crawford, Annie
Dawson, Georgia
Dunlap, Daisy
Delchamps, Ursula
Dowling, Kate
Fisher, Marguerite
Frazier, Annie Clay
Garner, Mattie Estelle
Houser, Ethel
Hall, Corrie
Jones, Vesta
Lyman, Laura
Moore, Margaret
Sellers, Mae
Sellers, Sallie

Flowers	Lilac
Colors	Lilac and White
Motto	Poco a' Poco

SCHUMANN
SOCIETY

History of the Schumann Society.

Far back, the year was nineteen two,
A prospect bright came into view;
Some music teachers, one, two, three,
Made plans for a society.
Their names, McCary, Myers, and Bush,
Names which are synonyms for push;
They made the girls with purpose strive,
To have this club 'bove others thrive.

The Schumann, name on which they 'greed;
Their girls for members was their creed.
The lilac chose they for their flow'r,
A sign of truth and modest pow'r.
For colors, white and lilac's hue;
Great good for all they had in view.
Strict laws and rules soon bound this band;
Ambition, budding genius, famed.

The club did thrive, the number grew,
Till members now are not a few.
The master's old in music's art
They study well and take to heart.
Sweet harmonies their spirits 'shrine
Of Bach, Beethoven, Rubenstein.
Poco a'poco they reach the goal,
Music, blest medium of the soul

History of the St. Cecelia Music Club.

The St. Cecilia Music Club was organized on St. Cecilia's birthday, November 22, 1904. The music pupils of Miss Boardman and Miss Wilson, only, were eligible to this club.

The first president was Miss Ruth Long. Her successors have been Miss Brice Miller, who was president for two years, and Miss Kathleen Shivers, who is the present presiding officer.

This music club, as many others of the kind, has studied and studies now, the lives and works of the great composers. These programs have been varied, however, by musicales and other entertainments given to the honorary members, and musical contests for the active members.

The second year in the history of the club, Miss Laura Dale, who had been studying in New York for several years, was made an honorary member. She was present at a number of the meetings and took great interest in the club. Her music was indeed a great inspiration to all the members.

The features most prominent in this year's history are the celebration of St. Cecilia's birthday; two delightful entertainments given by the Schumann Society; a most interesting program on Beethoven, celebrating this great master's birthday.

St. Cecelia Club Roll

Honorary Members

Miss Margaret Boardman

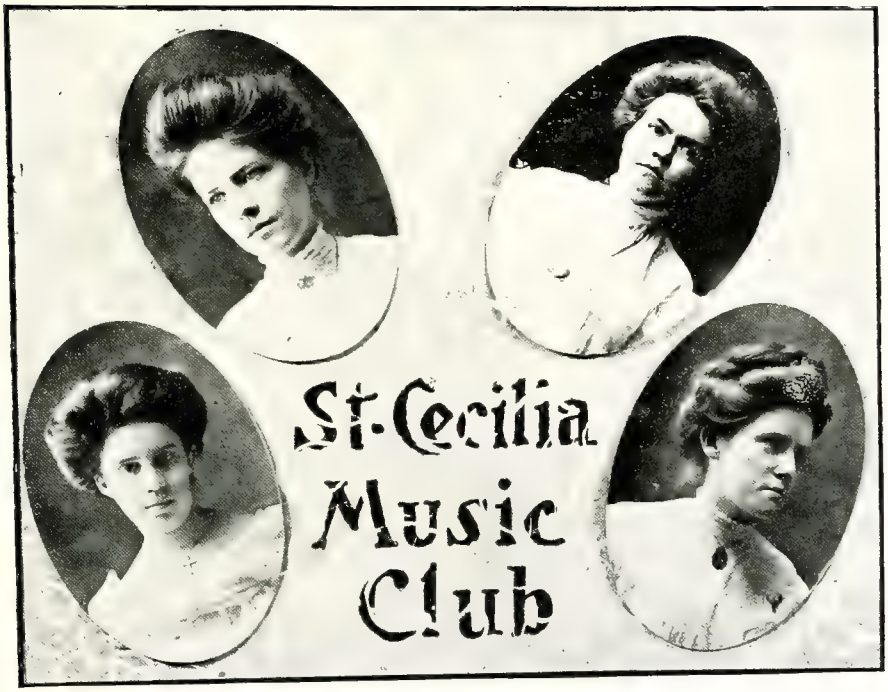
Miss Veta Franklin

Active Members

Barge, Edna
Bowling, Carrie
Dowling, Bertie Mae
Dixon, Florence
Faulk, Leola
Hoffman, Lilly
Kyle, Ruth
Lyon, Marguerite
Mims, Clara
Nash, Pansy
Powell, Floride
Peters, Ella
Rosson, Lucile
Scruggs, Jennie
Sellers, Annie
Steel Grace
Smith, Lilla
Shivers, Kathleen
Underwood, Annie
Walker, Nonie
Wimberly, Ethel

When the club was first organized the Violet was chosen as the club flower, and the colors Purple and White. Later the motto, "B a B♯ but don't B ♭," was chosen. The present officers are as follows :

President . . . . . KATHLEEN SHIVERS
Vice-President . . . . . LILLA SMITH
Secretary . . . . . NONIE WALKER
Treasurer . . . . . EDNA BARGE
Critic . . . . . MARGUERITE LYON


St. Cecilia
Music
Club

Brush and Pencil Club

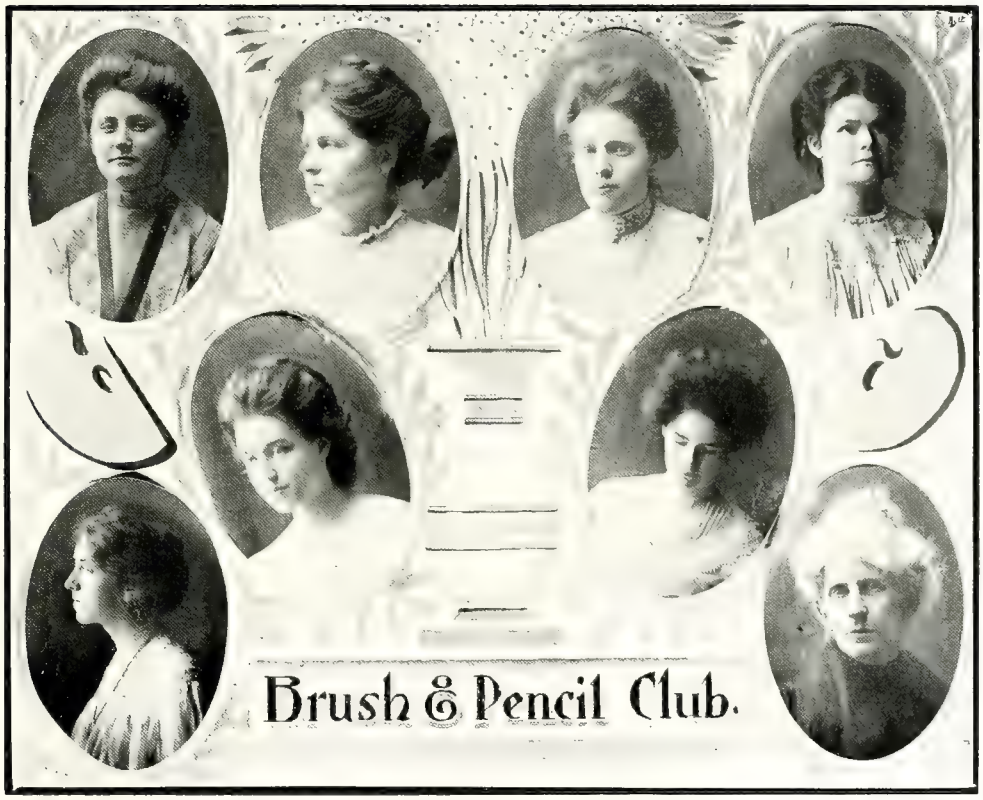
Colors . . . . . Baby Blue and White
Flower . . . . . Forget-Me-Not

Officers

President . . . . . FANNY ROSSON
Vice-President . . . . . EMMA LONG
Secretary and Treasurer . . . . . LEOLA FAULK
Historian . . . . . LOUISE THOMAS
Critic . . . . . MARY CAMERON

Roll

Cameron, Mary
Faulk, Leola
Griswood, Lola
Hales, Mary
Hurst, Mary Lee
Kelly, Sudie
Long, Emma
Marshall, Annie B.
Pinkston, Miss M. S.
Redus, Mary
Rosson, Fanny
Thomas, Louise


Brush & Pencil Club.

"Across the Country Club."

MARGARET MOORE CORRIE HALL HELEN CARNATHAN CLYDE PURIFOY MARY CAMERON
MISS WYMAN MYRA WILLIAMS MABEL GRAY

Red Letter Dates.

1907.

Y. W. C. A. Reception, September 14.

Dr. Seale Harris, Lecture, "The Hygiene of Digestion," September 21.

Mother Goose Party, October 5.

Our Eleventh Birthday. Mrs. Matlock, Address on School Improvement, October 12.

State Student Conference, October 13-14.

Reception at President's Home, October 14.

Rev. Raimundo de Ovies, Talk to Psychology Class, October 15.

Spooks' Convention, October 31.

Miss Guitner's Visit, November 8.

Music and Oratory Recital, November 9.

Book Party, November 16.

Thanksgiving Day, November 28.

Sermon—Rev. Mr. Rosser.

Senior—Junior Basket Ball Game.

Sponsors' and Maids' Reception to Victors and Vanquished.

Mid year Examinations, December 14-20.

Christmas Recess, December 20-31.

1908.

Castalian Tacky Party, January 11.

Miss Haley's Reception to Senior Class, January 13.

Dr. J. T. Searcy, Lecture—Psychoses, January 18.

Dr. Henry Lawrence Southwick, Richard III, January 18.

Y. W. C. A. Oriental Party, January 25.

Snow Luncheon, January 27.

Music and Oratory Recital, February 1.

Governor Comer's Visit, February 21.

Washington's Birthday, February 22.
Sophomore-Freshman Basket-Ball Game.
Colonial Party.

Miss Stephens' and Maids' Reception to Freshman and Sophomore Ball Teams, February 24.

Y. W. C. A. Week of Prayer, February 24-29.

Dr. Frederick D. Losey, Macbeth, March 14.

Old Maids Convention, March 21.

Miss Neineno Greene, Lectures on Library Science, March 24-27.

"Sunbonnet Babies."

LUCILE ROSSON
JEAN WILLIAMS

VIRGINIA McWHORTER
LOUISE BARCLAY

EVELYN PINKSTON
LULA TOMPKINS

JESSIE LONG
SADIE QUATTLEBAUM

ATHELETICS

THE old Greek ideal of the perfect mind in a body perfect in strength and beauty, seems to be making for itself a place among the educational ideals of to-day. Certainly the department of athletics is being greatly strengthened in schools and colleges everywhere.

In this age, when woman's sphere of usefulness is constantly widening; when she is proving her work in nearly all fields of labor to be equal to man's; when all professions are opening their doors to her; does she not need more than ever the physical strength to meet these ever increasing demands? Where will she get this needed physical training? The Alabama Girls' Industrial School has recognized the value of the Greek ideal, and we have here already established, a strong department of physical culture. This physical training work is divided into two parts; the more formal work of the gymnasium, being supplemented by out-door sports. It is to these out-door sports, as being our very own, that we would direct your attention.

Clubs for Croquet and Tennis have been organized, but in interest Basket Ball leads all other games. We have class teams from each of our four classes. On Thanksgiving Day no one could say that class spirit was lacking in A. G. I. S. girls. On one side of the quadrangle were draped green and white, Senior colors, on the other green and gold, the colors of the Junior class. Amid this wealth of color sat the sponsors and maids of the two classes. Promptly at one the game was called a glorious struggle followed, resulting in a score of 16-13, in favor of the Juniors. Washington's Birthday saw the silver and red of the

Sophomore class go down in defeat before the pink and green of the Freshman class. Some day, not far distant, will tell the tale of championship of the school. When Freshman meets Junior, who dares prophesy the result!

There have been so many enthusiastic basket ball players among us this year that we believe with increased facilities in other directions, enthusiasm in other games would grow. Who would not play golf had we good golf links? Who can pick out our crack oarsmen when Kennedy Lake is a reality, not a dream?

Young maidens can dream dreams, and a sympathetic faculty see visions of a bright athletic future, but only the trustees can make these dreams and visions realities.

Captains of the Athletic Teams.

Senior Athletic Association

President . . . . . Ella Massey
Secretary . . . . . Eola Patton
Basket Ball Captain . . . . . Daisy Dunlap
Manager of Tennis . . . . . Kathleen Shivers
Manager of Croquet . . . . . Willie Jenkins

Members

Beech, Minnie
Bullock, Elizabeth
Crawford, Sara
Dawson, Georgia
Dunlap, Daisy
Delchamps, Ursula
Edens, Lula
Farris, Eunora
Garner, Mattie Estelle
Garrett, Beula
Haggard, Janie
Jenkins, Willie
Massey, Ella
McRae, Ida
McVay, Lillian
Patton, Eola
Patterson, Florence
Posey, Lockie
Rosson, Fannie
Shivers, Kathleen
Thompson, Clara
Wilson, Mabel
Waldrop, Genie

Senior Basket Ball Team.

Senior Basket Ball Team

Beech, Minnie
Crawford, Sara
Dawson, Georgia
Dunlap, Daisy
Farris, Eunora
Garrett, Beula
Massey, Ella
Patton, Eola
Posey, Lockie
Waldrop, Genie

Sponsor . . . . . Miss Elizabeth Maude Haley

Maids . . . . . Miss Hardaway, Miss Franklin, Miss Grote

Yell

Choc-o-loca, Choc-o-loca, zip, bum, bah!
Seniors, Seniors! Rah! Rah! Rah!
We are always ready, we never wait,
Seniors! Seniors! 1908.

Senior Sponsor and Maids at the Thanksgiving Ball Game.

Senior Croquet.

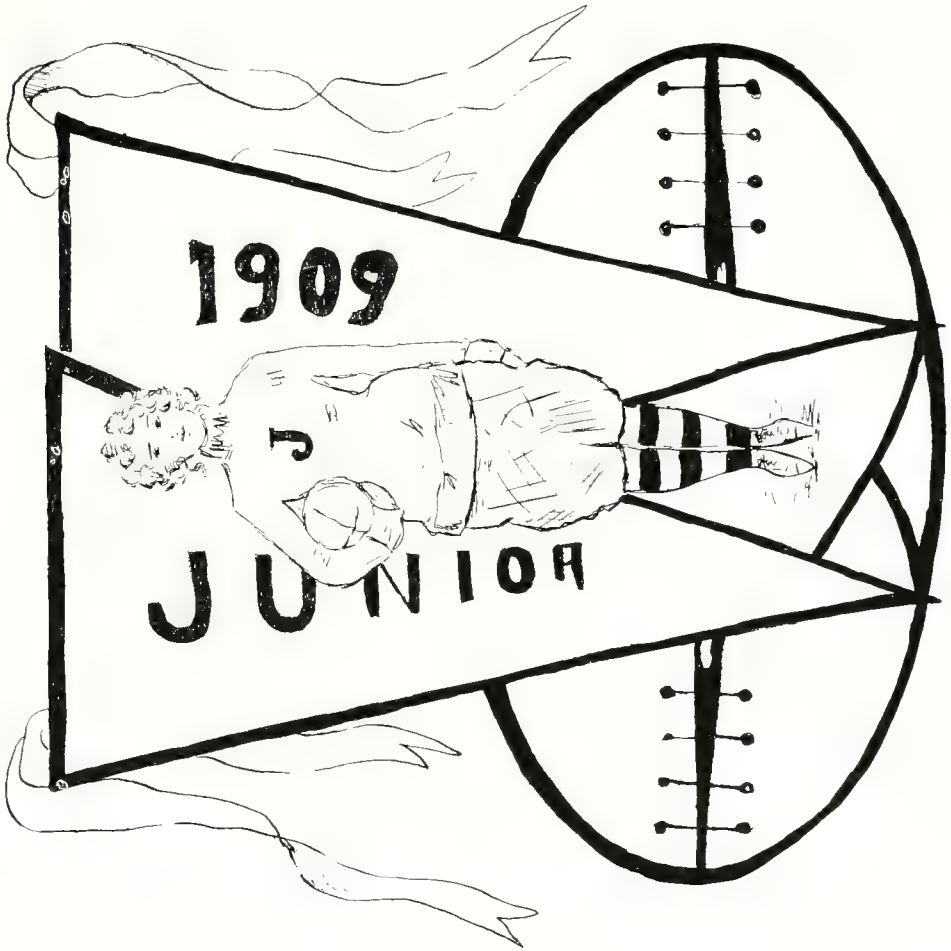
Senior Croquet.

Senior Tennis.

To the Quaker Lady

From whence dost come, thou Quaker Lady fair,
With petals bright kissed by the morning dew,
As on the wings of wind thy face so blue,
It passed? Sometimes thou dost in blooming there
Hide 'neath green leaves to 'scape the hot sun's glare,
In sun-bathed fields, in downy beds, not few,
Thou lookest out with wonder ever new,
As skips and dances past in play, the hare.
When thou didst take small bits of Heaven's robe
Down from the sky above, so clear and light,
To make thy face wherewith to cheer the day,
Thou didst within the nodding jonquil probe
To get thy tiny golden eye for sight
With which to see the greatest joys of May.

F.R.


1909
JUNIOR

Junior Thanksgiving Team.

Thanksgiving Team

Bullock, Cate
Cameron, Mary
Carnathan, Helen
Day, Ina
Gray, Mabel
Hall, Corrie
Moore, Margaret
Purifoy, Clyde
Tidmore, Kathleen

Sponsor . . . . . Miss Sara Louise Callen

Matron of Honor . . . . . Mrs. Edgar G. Givhan

Maids of Honor . . . . . Miss Young, Miss Carr, Miss Simpson, Miss deOvies

Yell.

Cas-a-lac, boom, Cas-a-lac, boom,
Cas-a-lac, Cas-a-lac, boom, boom, boom,
Ra, Ra, Rine. We are fine!
We are the Class of 1909.

Junior Athletic Association

Officers

MABEL GRAY	MANAGER
EMMA LONG	SECRETARY
MARY CAMERON	CAPTAIN

Members

BAKER, LILLIAN
BARGE, EDNA
BULLOCK, CATE
CAMERON MARY
CARNATHAN, HELEN
COLLINS, NELLIE
CROWE, IONE
CRAWFORD, ANNIE
DANIS, ELLEN
DAY, INA
FISHER, MARGUERITE
GRAY, MABEL
HALL, CORRIE
HOUSER, ETHEL
JONES, KATHLEEN
JONES, MABEL LOUISE
LONG, EMMA
MOORE, MARGARET
MCCLURKIN, LILLIE
MIMMS, CLARA
PEARCE, MINNIE LEE
PURIFOY, CLYDE
SMITH, MARY
SELLERS, MAY
SELLERS, SALLIE
SMITH, WINNIE
TIDMORE, KATHLEEN
WILLIAMS, MYRA

Junior Basket Ball Team.

The Senior-Junior Game, Thanksgiving.

Junior Tennis Club.

Tennis Club

Coach . . . . . Mr. Chesnutt

Carnathan, Helen
Davis, Ellen
Gray, Mabel
Griffin, Olivia
Hall, Corrie
Hauser, Ethel
Long, Emma
Moore, Margaret
Purifoy, Clyde
Smith, Mary
Smith, Winnie
Williams, Myra

To the Violet

O violet, sweet, modest violet!
Thou art a flower of the springtime born,
Thou beauty rare doth Mother Earth adorn;
A herald fair, by balmy April met,
Whose eyes of blue with joyous tears are wet,
When thou dost sweetly greet the golden dawn.
A perfume, thou, as fragrant as the morn,
A guileless child of Nature, thou art set
'Mongst men to softly whisper thoughts so pure.
To poets, thou'rt a charmed ecstacy,
To some thou art a scrap of Heaven's blue,
Dropt down by One whose love will aye endure.
What e'er thou be to some, thou art to me
The smile of God that doth my hope renew.

Wants

A tennis court.

Nineteen logical minds.

To be vaccinated for the measles.

To know who originated measles.—William Jenkins.

Some one to argue with.—Daisy Dunlap.

Auburn letters.—Daisy Newbern and others.

The class to know that she is not a baby.—Beula Garrett.

More Washington's birthdays.

The engagements for after school to be called off.—Freshman Latin Class.

Automobiles for the service of the girls of the A. G. I. S.

Private study-room for the Graduate Latin Class.

A day thirty-six hours long.—Senior Class.

More Hampden Sidney pennants.—Lucile Rosson and Ruth Kyle.

A pair of rubber heels for Miss Kyle.

"No running on this hall."—Miss Young.

To change tables every week.—Girls.

The characteristic odors from the laboratory to change their direction of escape.—Sophomore Latin Class.

A box, a box, my kingdom for a box.

Sophomore Basket Ball Team

RUTH HILL, Captain

Anna Bush — Mamie Meroney

Bianca Cocciola — Edith Patterson

Martha Grady — Mamie Ross

Marguerite Lyon — Helen Windham

Sponsor . . . . . Miss Alice Wyman

Maids . . . . Misses Locke, Tice, DeBardelaben and Wilson

Yell

Bim-a-lacka, boom-a-lacka, bow. wow, wow?
Ching-a-lacka, Ching-a-lacka, chow, chow, chow!
Boom-a-lacka, Ching-a-lacka, who are we?
Sophomores! Sophomores! Re! Re! Re!

To the Daffodil

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the spring,
For thou like golden cornets dost rise
In hidden places that I scarce surmise,
Thou fragrant, sweet, and gentle yellow thing.
In dreary dell or by the shady spring
Thy brightness doth from grass and mosses rise,
When thou comest not the whole world weeps and sighs,
But when thou dost, the whole world laughs and sings.
Thou dear flow'r that art to the spring so sweet,
Some say thou crownest youth and gentle sport;
With flowers rare and fragrant thou dost vie
In making beauty early us to greet,
To missions sweet of love thou dost resort;
Thus for thyself thou dost not live and die.

Freshman Basket Ball Team

Members

SADIE QUATTLEBAUM, CAPTAIN

AVA BARFIELD — RUTH KYLE

LOUISE BARCLAY — JESSIE LONG

LULA TOMPKINS — SADIE QUATTLEBAUM

GLADYS BURTON — RHODA SANDERS

JEAN WILLIAMS

Sponsor . . . . . MISS MERLE MARIA STEPHENS

Maids . . . . . MISSES KYLE, MCMAHON, LAWHON AND MCCARY

Freshman Cheers

Rah ! Rah ! Ree !
Zip ! Zip ! Zee !
We are all, we are all
We're the girls that play Basket Ball

Rizzle ! Razzle ! Kizzle ! Kazzle !
Boom ! Sis ! Bah !
Freshmen, Freshman,
Rah ! Rah ! Rah !
Boomer-lacker, Ricker-racker
Ha ! Ha ! Ha !
Freshmen, Freshmen,
Rah ! Rah ! Rah !

Freshman Basket Ball Team.

The Champion Tennis Club

Motto: . . . . . "Look Before You Leap."

Flower: . . . . . Violet

Color: . . . . . Navy Blue and White

Clancey Enis

Pansy Nash

Lucile Rosson

Louise Chandler

Velma Gaston

Ruth Kyle

Jessie Long

Virginia McWhorter

Louise Chandler
Lucile Rosson
Virginia McWhorter
Pansy Nash
Velma Gaston
Clancey Enis

To the Violet

Thou tiny flower, that comst in the spring,
Thou flower that art so modest, gentle, sweet,
The first to come, the first my eye doth meet,
Thou art so sweet, thou mak'st my heart to sing.
The joy thou givest thou canst not know, sweet thing;
The world is happy when thy face it greets,
For when thou comst, thou bringest joy complete,
And for thy perfume, seasons envy spring.

The pleasant days when thou wert here have flown,
Why hast thou left us? Come to us again!
Until thou dost, thy image shall gleam
Like memory of deeds so gently done.
Could I recall thee! but that thought is vain,
And thou existest only as a dream.

The Will

E, the Senior Class of 1908, of the City of Montevallo, State of Alabama, being of sane mind and sound judgment, do hereby declare this instrument to be our *Last Will* and *Testament*, and we do hereby revoke all former testamentary dispositions of our property heretofore made by us.

First—To the faculty and officers of the A. G. I. S.:

To Dr. Palmer, our English period (9-9:45) for chapel talks on industrial education, self-government, health, etc.

To Mr. Moore, praise duly paid, with interest.

To Miss Haley, our concentrated related mental content.

To Miss Young, our poetic license.

To Miss McMahon, a lamp chimney.

To Miss Callen, our attentive consideration to the most abstruse problems in mathematics.

To Miss Lawhon, some more frat. pins.

To Miss Kennedy, the chronological succession of the English sovereigns.

To Mr. Chestnutt, the characteristic odor of hydrogen sulphide.

To Miss Hardaway, smooth reviews.

To Miss Bush, "Notes with many a winding bout
Of link'd sweetness long drawn out."

To Miss Kyle, "Peace, sweet Peace."

To Miss Boardman, our love.

To Miss Stephens, our abandoned uniform collars.

To Miss Carr, the uniform ties.

To Miss Hayes, a great, big bomb from the five canons (cannons).

To Miss Tice, a trip to Greensboro "to see the flowers."

To Miss Laura, all our short-sleeved waists.

To Mrs. Harris, "Refreshment after toil."

To Miss Locke, a holiday to enjoy her new typewriter.

To Miss De Bardeleben, "nods and beeks and wreathed smiles."

To Miss Wyman, an extra pair of eyes to spy the girls who come into the library between bells.

To Mr. Jones-Williams, a double, so he will not have to wear colors for two basket-ball teams during one game.

Second—To the girls of the A. G. I. S.:

To her successor as critic in the Castilian Literary Society, Fanny Rosson's ability to criticise.

To Josie Carr, Lula Eden's cheerful disposition.

To Mabel Green, Beula Garrett's indifference.

To Nancy McLean, Lillian McVay's curling irons.

To Cate Bullock, some of Mattie Estelle Garner's charms.

To Bessie Davis, Mabel Wilson's dimples.

To Lillian Baker, Lockie Posey's interest in Auburn.

To Corrie Hall, Clara Thompson's Senior Dignity.

To Kathleen Tidmore, Ursula Delchamps' optimism.

To Bianca Cocciola, Janie Haggard's ability to sing "The Last Rose of Summer."

To the Freshman basket-ball team, Ella Massey's athletic enthusiasm.

To Gary Simms, Eunora Farris' earnestness.

To Martha Grady, Willie Jenkins' native ability.

To Minnie Lee Palmer, a picture of Florence Patterson.

To Ina Day, Sara Crawford's room, No. 57.

To Mary Cameron, Eola Patton's search for Steele.

To Myra Williams, Daisy Dunlap's power of osteopathy.

To Helen Windham, Genie Waldrop's "gentlemen friends."

To the one who needs it most, Ida McRee's humility.

To the future advertising manager of the Chiaroscuro, all the advertisements Elizabeth Bullocks did not get.

To Georgia Dawson, Kathleen Shiver's precipitancy.

To the prophets of the future Senior classes, portions of Minnie Beech's prophetic spirit.

To the Junior class, our ideals, responsibilities and privileges which they have not yet attained.

(Signed) MABEL WILSON,
Secretary of Senior Class.

Attested by ELLEN DAVIS,
President of Junior Class.

Farewell.

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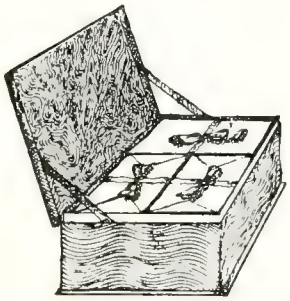

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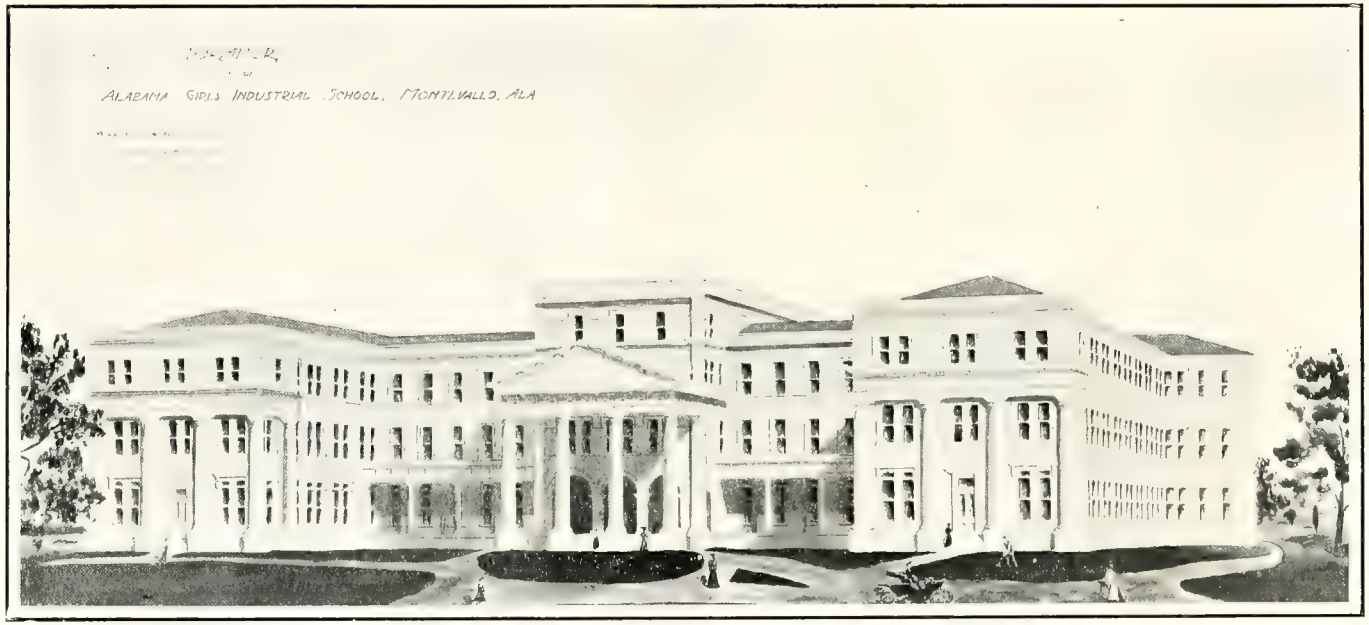

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